

# WAR CRY



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## THE DEVIL'S NARCOTIC!



*This front page was suggested by a distressing story of a poor wretch who, under the influence of opium, lay down to sleep the sleep of death before the advancing express.*

Well, as the late Mrs. General Booth said, indifference is the cause of more people's damnation than anything else. In other words, the devil's

### Opium of Indifference

so works and acts that thousands of people sleep on their way to the awful pit of hell.

Not many days ago the people of a certain town in Ontario were roused to indignation's point because a poor little child had fallen into the water, and was allowed to drown in the presence of those who refused to risk their lives in order to save the helpless baby.

More guilty and culpable still are those who will sit idly by and see poor souls lost and damned for want of real out and out effort.

See the so-called saint, when the hour of battle comes, prayer-meeting is on, the host of hell are gathered around

### An Undecided Soul.

The mother's prayers are according to God's throne. The angels of Heaven are

interested spectators, and the victory is almost won.

Just at that moment, when concentrated prayers should be ascending to God, the devil's opium is doing its deadly work, and that soldier who should be alive for God, and desperately in earnest, is taking things quietly and easily.

(Continued on page 4.)

## East Ontario Province.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

The East Ontario Province extends a thousand welcomes to a brave and beloved General, the hero of a thousand well-fought battles, as he comes across the ocean with blessings for all, right glad shall we be to receive him as he arrives in this Province.

A little child, when dying, looked up heavenward and said, "I see the letter W all over the sky." When asked what it meant, the child replied that it meant, "There is a welcome in heaven for me." So we say to our beloved General, "Look up, for when you leave Newfoundland and the Eastern Province, remember there is a warm welcome awaiting you in the East Ontario Province, not only by our looks, the shake of our hands, or the God-bless you from our lips, but from the hearts that breathe the true spirit of a soldier, we welcome you in our midst."

Personally, I shall be more than pleased to see and hear the General once again. Have not I reason to be so? Were not the words that he spoke in that officers' council in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, some ten years ago, when he looked into our eyes, and with a father's love, he told us that we were no good to God or the Army unless we were prepared to do impossibilities? Did not I get inspired in that very meeting, and with my mind made up, I returned to my corps determined to be a conqueror? And have not the very same words helped me again and again as I have faced difficulties, and I have pressed on and had victory?

You ask me the question what towns or cities the General is to visit in the East Ontario Province, and what are our arrangements to make his visit a tremendous success. Well now, if you will follow me closely, I will give you the particulars that will be a guide to you all round the Province. Here are the dates, places, and meetings that the General is expected to be at, all in a nut-shell, and for your own benefit:

QUEBEC, Friday, October 5th, in Methodist Church.

MONTREAL, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, October 6th, 7th, and 8th. Saturday night, council for officers, soldiers and friends; Sunday, Salvation meetings all day; Monday, the same.

OTTAWA, Tuesday, October 9th, meeting afternoon and night.

CORNWALL, Wednesday, October 10th, reception and public meeting.

PRESCOTT, Thursday, October 11th, public meeting at two o'clock.

BROCKVILLE, Thursday, 11th, reception and public meeting.

GANANOQUE, Friday, October 12th.

KINGSTON, Saturday, Sunday, October 13th, 14th, reception and public demonstration and council on Saturday night; Sunday, all day, Salvation meetings.

PICTOR, Monday, October 16th, reception and public meeting.

DREBENTON, Tuesday, October 15th, public meeting at one o'clock.

BELLVILLE, Tuesday, October 16th, reception and public meeting.

FOUR HORNS, Wednesday, October 17th, public meeting at two o'clock.

LAKELAND, Wednesday, October 17th, reception and public meeting.

PETERBORO, Thursday, October 18th, reception and public meeting.

The General then visits the beautiful city of Quebec. Yes, sir, and I am sure that Mrs. Ensign Mitchell and her brave band of warriors will leave no stone unturned to make his visit a triumphant success.

From Quebec he travels to Montreal, where three days' extraordinary meetings are being arranged for him to lead. During those special meetings we are arranging to bring in the officers from the Sherbrooke and Montreal districts, with as many soldiers and friends as can possibly come. Let no soldier or friend in those districts miss this chance of hearing the General on the plea that they will have no place to stay over night, for all they have got to do is to write to Captain Fox, of the Lighthouse, and he

will be glad to provide you with a billet on easy terms.

Ottawa, the Imperial City, the seat of the Government, where the great men meet who rule this fair Dominion, the Land of the Free, is the next place on the list. The General will arrive on Thursday, Oct. 9th, and conduct two large gatherings. In connection with his visit to the city of Ottawa we have decided to run an excursion from Pembroke by the C.P.R., calling at Renfrew, Almonte and Carleton Place. Now, why cannot we get 100 people from each of those places? It is a settled fact that the General cannot visit every corner in the province, but I see no reason why every soldier and friend could not get enough money saved so that they could come to see and hear the General for once in their life. In Europe we have read of soldiers travelling night and day so that they could hear the General. When they can do that I am sure that our people won't be one bit less zealous.

Ensign Coombs, Captain Carter, Burrows and Brokenshire will do their best to get a large crowd to turn out to this excursion. Cornwall has the honor of a visit from the General on Wednesday, Oct. 10th. This is a manufacturing town, and the people love the Army. Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor have got hold of the reins of this district, and we are sure of a tremendous crowd. Cherterville and Morrisburg come into Cornwall for this meeting.

Then on Thursday, Oct. 10th, we board the west-bound train for Prescott, one of the hardest nuts that the Army has got for getting people made into soldiers. Yet we have a band of soldiers and friends here who know how to welcome their General, and hard though it is he will not pass it by. So he will have an afternoon meeting and then go down and get aboard the S.S. "General Booth" and steam up the river St. Lawrence to Brockville, where Ensign McNamara is arranging to give the General a great reception, and we shall have a public meeting in some large building. Prescott, Perth, Athens and Ogdensburg come into Brockville for those special meetings.

More next week.

"THE CONQUEROR."—We quote the following extract as a sample of the good things provided in this New York magazine for September:

"What Shall I Do, Then, With Jesus?"

BY MRS. BALLESTON BOOTH.

"In the country of Switzerland there is a legend which centres a great, dark, frowning mountain. The mountain is called *Mont Pelion*. The legend which they tell is that Pelion, after the crucifixion of Christ, was so haunted by remorse, that to get away from the terrible anguish, he fled from his native land (and the city of Rome), and went up into this rugged mountain; that his spirit has made its home there ever since, and that in the dark valleys of the lake, which is situated very near the summit, he is constantly in the early gray dawn to be seen washing his hands, in the vain hope of thus removing the stain that never becomes fainter. The head of this mountain is almost always unclouded in a cap of misty clouds, and the unfortunate, remorse-ridden spirit is supposed to be crowned from the view of the people beneath this shroud."

"Of course, this is but a legend, but it has often been, in my mind, a picture of the cowardly souls who murmur this question to their eternal undoing. No hand-washing through the eternities can ever cleanse the bitter gnawing of their conscience, can ever make them any the less crucifiers of Jesus Christ, and they cannot fly away from their own condemning conscience."

From the New York Cry.—A burning, blazing, sulphurous, yellow-red-and-blue-and-every-other-color envelope lay on my table one morning. It was enough to make the perspiration stand out on one's forehead on a cold day. Turkish baths, study deserts and steamer stoke-holes are not in it with that *Canadian War Cry* envelope."

## Our Contributors.

THOMAS KNIGHT, or, "Maquiniets."

(Continued from last week.)



VER the billows the wind had increased, and was blowing what sailors call a living gale. "Lower the starboard anchor," roared the commander, and the men leaped into the boat, putting on the life belts while we clear away the falls.

"All ready there?"  
"Aye! All ready, sir."  
"Lower away; roundly there!" and as the ship rolls to starboard and the boat nearly touches the water, "Slip!" yells the commander, but one of the patent hooks does not work, the boat is

Smashed to Matchwood,

and fifteen more men are struggling with the cruel, pitiless waves. Fourteen of these were rescued, some badly injured. We could still see a few of our shipmates clinging to the overturned boat and wreckage. Some of the men volunteered to go down in the whale-boat, but the captain said she could not live, and enough lives had been sacrificed.

We managed to get a few under our lee,



and some of the men went over with lines around them and saved their shipmates. Among the lost were two sub-lieutenants, both of noble families, and a strict Puritanical Christian. The coxswain. One of the officers, Mr. Innes, was much beloved by the men, for he was kind and courteous to all. In life a true gentleman, he died a true nobleman, for he, with two men, were on the boat till, finding she could not keep the three afloat, he

Left Her, and Lost His Life in consequence.

The Christian coxswain's death was very much commented upon, for he died trying to cheer the rest.

The ship was very gloomy for a few days, but that soon wore off; sailors get over such troubles quickly. I was stationed on the mizzen royal yard; then made leading hand, and as I developed into a very fast runner, I was shifted to the main royal yard, in the same position. I loved all sail and spar drill, and was delighted when performing dangerous feats of activity.

I was eighteen months in the *Arland*, and was one out of a hundred and twenty boys who joined her. Three of that number left her as A.B. I was the youngest of the three; the other two are warrant officers in the service to-day. I had a letter from one a little while ago, who is a gunner in the Naval Depot, Portsmouth, England.

Just about that time I got into a serious scrape. I broke one of the most stringent rules in the navy, and got three months in *Lower Naval Prison*. It was eleven and a half years old at the time. It was a terrible punishment; but though so hard, I could not help indulging in a little fun occasionally.

One afternoon while at shot drill, a warden who was the proud, happy possessor of a beautifully-ornamented nose, the like of which I have never seen (except on the front page of a certain secular paper, more humorous than instructive), happened to look over a wall at the end of the drill his face. It looked so funny I could not resist the temptation to speak to him and whisper loud enough for a few of the men close to me to hear:

"Twig His Nogle."

They looked and were instantly convulsed. It was enough to make a dog laugh, but I managed to keep a straight face and looked very innocent and demure, for I saw the warden taking their numbers. Next day five men were in dark cells, while I, who had caused the trouble, got full release.

At last my time was served and I returned to the receiving ship, where a letter awaited me from my mother, who had found out about my imprisonment, owing to my half pay having been stopped. Poor mother! She thought it a dreadful thing to be in prison. I explained to her that it

was not a criminal prison, and that I was not a criminal; but it did not satisfy her, and she begged piteously that I would be good and not get into such a place again.

After a week in the receiving ship I found myself drafted to the "Victor Emmanuel," line-of-battle ship of the old school, as superannuated, for the gold coast.

The *Assistance War*

had started, and on reaching Cape Coast Castle I was sent to the flag ship *Active*, Commodore Hewitt, afterwards Sir W. N. W. Hewitt, First Admiral. I got my old number, 217 leading hand of main royal yard.

Shortly after joining the ship I happened to do something that looked a bit difficult, though I do not remember that it required any great talent or courage. Any way, a great fuss was made about it; all hands called aft; myself fell out amidships and publicly commended and promoted to leading seaman. I was nineteen years and four months old, probably the youngest man in the service holding that rate.

(To be Continued.)

## Harvest Festival Sunday at Old No. 1, Richmond Street.

Determined with the comrades to make the most of the opportunity, we pitched in at the open-air in the morning for half-an-hour, and poured out hot shell as fast as the fire in our hearts could manufacture words to convey the truths of God shot for the sinner. Urging the people to decision on the spot, we made for the barracks after an effort to get penitents to the drumhead in the street.

Found building not only nicely decorated, but containing a really large, varied and beautiful array of goods, fruits, cereals, vegetables and plants. Captain Wiseman had gone as far as twenty miles in the country with another comrade, and their enterprise had been well rewarded. Considering circumstances, number and wealth of soldiers, the display compares favorably, if it does not surpass, the effort of all other corps in the city of Toronto, showing that where there's a will, there's a way, despite surrounding circumstances.

Our morning meeting was a refresher at God's altar.

Afternoon, we gathered at corner of Esther and Queen, and during our hour's open-air meeting, enrolled six soldiers under the blood-and-fire flag, took up an offering, and made a determined attempt to influence all for God and salvation.

Another couple were enrolled at the inside meeting, and men—old soldiers—repeated texts; sisters—old soldiers—sang solos, and new soldiers gave testimonies in relays.

A heavy storm prevented open-air at night, but not the march. Inside meeting was unique and successful. Following plan, with variation in singing, as laid down in "Harvest Home Meeting in War Cry," by the end of the first meeting, deep silence and conviction rested on the people, and following up the advantage God had given, with a determined intention to fight the battle to the end, we had the joy, before ten o'clock, of seeing three souls ground their arms of rebellion, get through and testify, and also managed to secure a special thank-offering collection when this was out of the way. We thanked our God for the joy of seeing some souls born again.

Richmond Street corps feels the spirit for aggression on the devil's domains burning in their souls, and No. 1 will yet blossom again as a beautiful garden of usefulness in God's vineyard.

ADJUTANT MILLER.

## ERRATA.

Captain M. Green, of Edmonton, writes explaining that the photo which Provincial Officer, Read sent us of a street procession in Edmonton was not a representation of an Army march, as we thought, but a picture of the St. Jean Baptiste Society's procession. We regret the mistake occurred.

# EAST ONTARIO TENT MEETING.

(Continued.)

At 9:30 Tuesday morning we were on our way to the town of Prescott. The journey to that town from Algonquin was enjoyed very much, for in addition to the beautiful scenery and the much-appreciated country towns, which seemed to put fresh vigor and strength into our being, we had a constant strain of awakening music from Lieut. Carter's trombone.

Arriving at our destination in blood and fire style (with an Army flag at each side of the dash-board) about 1 p.m., we found Capt. Stale full of faith.

We gave Lieutenants Gilroy and Wilson a welcome into our midst as fellow-travelers, who had just arrived from their respective corps, namely, Kingston and Picton.

It would have been a treat to see us as we arrived, with our tanks, baggage, etc. At the rear of the High School there is a sixty-shaded piece of land, which is the property of the High School Board, and upon this the Army were permitted to pitch their tent by the city authorities, who in this manner manifested such great kindness.

Wednesday we went in with all our might. An open-air was followed by a holiness meeting in the tent, with one soul for cleansing. With cornets, trombone and drum they started off to awaken those who were dead in sin, re-arranging for salvation meetings at 8 p.m., which was given a blessing to the poor Roman Catholic brother who knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. He returned to each following service and gave evidence of his new-found joy.

Thursday night was well attended, and much conviction noticed. Adjutant Walder and Captain Cusbie, from American side, were over on Canada's fair shore, and assisted in this meeting.

Rev. Mr. Hughes, the Methodist minister of Prescott, also addressed the meeting for a short time, speaking very highly of the Salvation Army movement.

Friday, three p.m., holiness meeting was well attended.

At 7:30 p.m., a rather comical, yet very interesting march wound its way through the main streets to the open-air stand. The march part was to see Staff-Captain Sharp holding two ropes in his hand, one made of birch bark, and the other an ordinary clothes-line, passed around the neck of Lieutenants Carter and Wilson, and the interesting part came when Staff-Captain related the story in connection with the ropes with which one of our recent converts was going to hang herself. An American who heard the story, was so touched, that he gave the Staff-Captain \$2.50 for collection. Eugene McNamara, from Brockville, also arrived for this meeting. One for salvation.

Saturday was announced for an ice cream social and musical festival. Considerable preparations had to be made for the forthcoming meeting, but we succeeded in gaining our desired end.

At the time appointed, a large crowd had gathered together, some from a long distance, one lead coming from Algonquin.

"God be with you till we meet again."

We sang very effectively by our Algonquin friends as they were driving through the streets on their way home.

Sunday knee-drill was enjoyed by those who came out for an early blessing, while a much larger number met for holiness meeting. One for salvation, and one for holiness.

The afternoon and evening services were full of spirit and life.

There being an excursion on Monday from Prescott to Alexandria Bay, in connection with the Salvation Army, we had the privilege to sleep that night (Sunday night), but from 11:15 Monday morning until 9:30 a.m., when the boat left, we were all busy, some pulling down tents, carrying the same even tent to harness, and many other things.

Captain Oiler, of Morrisburg, fame, joined us here for the excursion. From Prescott we go to Ogdensburg, U.S.A., take on a number of soldiers with their officers, likewise at Brockville.

The meetings were conducted by Brigadier-General Scott.

After a short rest over night at the Park, we started out for our next appointment, which was Grindstone Island, U.S.A., saying good-bye to the Brigadier, Staff-Captain, and Captain and Lieutenant Morrison. From the boat several good men and the last of our comrades was left to view, and the shores of our destination were reached.

A Lieutenant Wilson and Gilroy were at



COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

The Commissioner, at the International, spoke as follows:—

"My dear General and comrades, I can't tell you how very much I have appreciated the opportunity of coming to the Old Land again. It is now nearly ten and a-half years since I had my first commission in a foreign land. It is nearly nineteen years since I gave God my heart in a Salvation Army barracks; and it is now nearly seventeen years since I prayed

A Prayer 60 Miles Long

up to this city, when I came to take my first appointment as an officer in the Army. I am very well satisfied with the Salvation Army; I am very well pleased with Jesus; and I am very glad to put on record here to-night that the sight that charms me most is a sinner at the Cross. I do thank God that I am found here to-night without any doubts concerning the Army, that God Almighty has comforted me in it, and kept me in it, and the more I see of it the more I love it. (Volleys.) God helping me, I intend to go forward trying to get everybody I can to come and submit themselves to the Saviour and help us in the great fight in which we are engaged. I was immensely pleased with the C.P. demonstration, but one of the things that impressed me most was the fact that, after all, I had not seen the Army, but only a bit of it. Certainly it was a grand piece of it, but it was not the Army as a whole. The Army is too big to be seen by the human eye. Only God Almighty and the people who have gone to the other side can see the Army, and we shall never see it and understand it until we join the loved ones who have gone before. Still, I do thank God for the bit I have seen, not only in this country, but in various parts of the world; and I believe now, as I have believed all along, that

God is Going to Help us to Save the World.

"A little reminiscence, General, with your permission. I shall never forget the time when God used you to inspire my heart. I remember you taking hold of my arm and walking down the street with me when I was a lost and lonely boy, and in my native town, where God saved me and put me right. You gave me advice as to the future, and the words you spoke to me then inspired my heart and have been an inspiration to me many, many times since. Thank God, I have had the opportunity of sitting in those council meetings and listening to the words you have uttered, and I have promised God that if He would help me I would take back to my dear comrades in Australia something of what you have said, even if you came and said all those things over again. I do trust that God Almighty will clothe those words with Holy Ghost power so that they may enter into the hearts of my comrades as your utterances, clothed with Pentecostal power, have gone to mine. I cannot leave you, my dear General, and you, my dear old comrade, without saying how very much I appreciate all the kindness I have received at your hands in all departments; a feeling of sweet and blessed comradeship has existed between us, and it has done me my heart good. We now take our departure feeling that we are leaving brothers and sisters behind us belonging to the same big family, all united in the bond of love, set on fire by the same Holy Ghost, and full of the same burning desire to win the world for God. Truly, my God, my General, and my comrades may depend upon me, though but a poor, weak little I may be." (Prolonged volleys.)

The island, while Captain Burrows went back to Clayton to get the tent, which was supposed to be there from Alexandria Bay, but no account of it was available, so your humble servant had to return without the building to hold his meeting in; but God always opens a way, so He did in this case, for our kind friends had given us the privilege using their church, which we did until our tent was found.

Our first meeting, therefore, was held in the church on Tuesday night, when God came very near. Three held up their hands, expressing their desire to become followers of Him Who died.

Wednesday afternoon a profitable holiness meeting was held, and a musical service at night, which was largely attended. The music was rendered principally by the Gannock string band, intermixed with testimonies and solos from the officers and soldiers.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Baptist minister from the U.S.A., spoke of his seven years' friendship with the Salvation Army, and he loves it dearly to-day.

The meeting closed with great joy in the hearts of God's people over victories won.

God came and delivered three souls from the bondage of sin, while others were hailing between two opinions.

Imaginings that our tent has now been found and brought to the island; therefore, Thursday night's meeting was the last in the church.

Friday, three p.m., in tent. Large crowd and good meetings, led by the Lieutenants.

At night there was a large crowd in attendance, with one soul for salvation.



Still, I do thank God for the bit I have seen, not only in this country, but in various parts of the world; and I believe now, as I have believed all along, that

God is Going to Help us to Save the World.

Saturday was announced for a social and musical service. The string band came again to the front from Gannock. We closed our meeting with nine holding up their hands as being convicted of sin.

Captain and Mrs. Costa, and the larger portion of his fighting soldiers, came over with their tents to help us over Sunday.

How nice and picturesque Potter's Point (our camp ground) looked on the Sabbath morning as we gathered for knee-drill at 7:30 with four tents (including the large tent for meetings) facing the beautiful river St. Lawrence.

On this lovely spot seventeen met for knee-drill, which was the first knee-drill a number of our friends ever attended.

11 a.m. holiness meeting was largely attended, as there was no service in the church.

3 p.m. meeting was announced to be a revival service, which proved to be very successful, for ten professing Christians, who were cold in the service of their Master, came boldly to the penitent form for perfect freedom which is in Christ.

After testimonies at night had been given by Lieutenants Carter, Gilroy, and Wilson, and Captain Costa, and the reading of God's Word by the writer, some five came out for salvation.

Now for our last meeting, on Monday night. This was announced as a "Farwell" meeting. A large number testified to the blessings received in our meeting, of victories gained, etc. One farmer told Lieutenant Carter that it took a lot of grace to keep a man when the cow kicked over the milk, but he (the Lieutenant) went on to

prove that even then His grace was sufficient.

After all had finished, or given their testimony, and Bible reading was over, the Rev. Mr. Short came forward, stating that he could not think of allowing the meeting to close without giving in his personal testimony, which he did, moreover promising to come over from Clayton and helping us if we would only remain another week.

Now for prayer. Someone prays. God answers prayer. Yes, here they come. A little more prayer, faith, and exhortation, and four souls cry to God for salvation. What a jubilee! We all rejoice, and sing, "Go call the neighbors in and tell them what the Lord has done."

Thus we close our week's campaign with twenty-three for salvation and cleansing.

Moreover, we close our six weeks of tent meetings with fifty-seven souls for salvation and thirty for cleansing. We all return to Kingston on Friday, and receive our marching orders.

CAPT. W. H. BURROWS.

## Startling Statistics.

At a certain meeting, at which about 600 people were present, the following test was made:—

How many had been converted before they were twenty years of age, 200 responded; between twenty and thirty, 150; between thirty and forty, fifteen; between forty and fifty, seven; over fifty, one.

How important to decide for Christ now!

The following are some of the testimonies given in reference to the instrumentalities used in their conversion:—

No. 1. My mother's influence, and a little boy of mine, dying. He asked me to take him in my arms, and as I did, with a smile on his face, he said, "Don't you hear the angels singing?" I vowed I would serve God and meet him in heaven.

No. 2. I went to an Army meeting to scoff, but on hearing an old man of seventy-six testify I was struck with conviction, and sought God.

No. 3. I attended revival services, and was cutting up, when the thought came to me, "I am getting very reckless, and God may cut me off." I sobered up, and soon sought the Lord.

No. 4. By hearing my teacher reading and talking of the three Hebrew boys I was so seized with a desire to be like them, that as I was going home I went into the bush, knelt down and told God when I got big enough I would serve Him. Shortly after I came out at special services and sought pardon.

No. 5. By hearing a father talking to his son.

No. 6. The happiness and earnestness of some Christians.

No. 7. Home influence and training.

No. 8. A praying mother. I accidentally came upon her one day as she was praying in her room, and I felt I would like to be like her.

No. 9. Reading the Bible.

No. 10. A praying mother.

Many others also testified to the influence of mother.

I noticed that human agency was used in nine cases out of ten. One half were influenced by home training, which shows the importance of it in every home. Give children a good training and send them out on the world (and the leader) and they will find the shore every time.

The other conversions were from very simple occurrences, with but few exceptions.

That teacher, hearing in after years of the pupil praying in the bush, said, "Why did you not tell me, Johnnie? I thought I was talking in vain that day, and was discouraged with my class."

Let us plod on, comrades. In open-air and inside let us keep the salvation of God before the people. A constant dropping wears the hardest stone. Change your tactics now and then. On, battalions of the Lord, to victory.

CAPTAIN F. MCKENZIE,  
Perry Sound.

Halfway I.—On Thursday night three recruits were enrolled as soldiers of this corps, and four souls came to the Cross. On Sunday one soul for sanctification and three for pardon. Praise God.—Sergeant-Major CASHIN.

Hamilton.—The work in the Ambitious City is moving ahead. The soldiers are in good fighting trim. Several prisoners have been captured for our King. A special meeting, "Auction Sale of Children," brought a good crowd; each city paper sent a reporter to get an interest was aroused. An enrolment of recruits takes place to-night. Beginning the Harvest Festival and we have plenty of work ahead.—Eugene Armstrong.





# THE COMMANDANT

LEADS

## An Enthusiastic Soldiers' Assembly at Lippincott Street.

A really good time was experienced at Lippincott United Soldiers' Assembly last Wednesday. The Commandant, previous to starting on his long journey to join the General, desired to meet these faithful comrades whose devotion he stood the test and who still delight to wear the insignia of the good old Army, and they were there listening with keen sympathy, as our leader spoke of the various items of interest now ruling them amongst us and of his prospects for the future. Truly there was a good program of accomplishments to lay before the soldiers. The General comes by one of the smallest boats on the Allan Line in order to call at Newfoundland, which proves his affection for our fiery Newfoundlanders.

He will be met again after his tour through Ontario and the States by our Commandant at Vancouver. The Commandant earnestly exhorted us all to make the General's holy tour a matter of continual prayer. He dared to believe that God would own and bless the General's visit by showing signs and wonders, by giving us that mighty revival we all so long and pray for.

Aids and some good "singing altogether" helped up the enthusiasm of the meeting while the terrific prayer-cumult at the close was a good means of taking together the coals in the fire and helping to produce a glorious Salvation blaze.

God bless and go with our leader to Newfoundland, and while he is absent the Torontonians will rally to the help of Mrs. Commandant Booth in the battles of the Lord.

## A GOOD-BYE TEA & MEETING

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

## Commandant's Trip

— TO —

## MEET THE GENERAL.

"At 6 p.m. on Thursday."—Such was the announcement contained in the note spraying the Headquarters and city corners of the little tea and meeting to be held in connection with the Commandant's leaving us for an absence of six weeks. During the afternoon, however, a second note stated that the time had been extended to 7 p.m., but Father Time had relegated that hour to the archives of the things of the past, some minutes before we found ourselves confronted by obstacles which gave us pleasure to tackle, and afforded us an easy victory, particularly to those who had entered into a sort of contract with their epigraphic faculties to relax at six. The faculties mentioned did not, in many cases, approve of the violation of the contract; but acquiesced at once in the general good feeling and jollity that existed, especially when the military figure and genial countenance of our esteemed leader suddenly appeared on the scene, and which prevented any further misgivings. Grace was sung, and then, like heroes, we rushed to the onslaught; seldom have we seen a more complete victory. Two or three choruses and a blessing from the Throne wound up a happy time at the table.

Armed with a chair each one present threaded his or her way from the basement to the small room on the second floor of the Temple, usually used for such gatherings as these. After a song we were urged by the Commandant

to ask for great things at the Throne of Grace, which we were approaching at that moment. Who shall say that those earnest petitions, carried on the wings of faith, did not meet with our Heavenly Father's approbation? and who shall say that He did not answer them?

The mellowing influence pervading the whole room, the illuminated countenances, the fervent, heartfelt testimonies given, spoke of the fact that heaven had come down and that each one present was the recipient of some fresh blessing, some further light, and a more perfect equipment for the great warfare in which our lot is cast. The Commandant said he did not wish to say much, but with a few beautiful, appropriate remarks he struck the key. The meeting from that point developed into a glorious euphony of praise and glory to God. Many testimonies were given in which the power of God to save and to keep those who put their trust in Him was magnified.

One pleasing feature of the meeting, and one which served to show the spirit which characterized it, was the enthusiastic hand-clapping welcome which was given to Adjutant Southall, who stated "he was glad that in the Providence of God and the Commandant's kind consideration he was privileged again to fight beneath the folds of the good old flag." The Commandant explained how the Adjutant had applied for re-acceptance and had offered to take any position he saw fit to give him. He (the Commandant) felt it was possible for him to give the Adjutant a position on the Staff of the Army. All the way through the meeting was full of unctious and blessing.

The Commandant's closing remarks were very practical, and were calculated to cause all of us to examine our hearts, and in the prayer-meeting that followed, we believe all were led to give themselves to God in a fuller sense than ever before. Many prayers were offered for the Commandant on his journey; for the General that he might be brought safely into our midst, and privileged to see some mighty victories won on Canadian soil; and for Mrs. Booth (whose absence was regretted) who would take the helm in the Commandant's absence.

The Commandant was commissioned to carry the affectionate greetings of his Canadian officers and troops to the General, and give him ten thousand welcomes to the Dominion.

**What you think how Jesus Christ's love and sacrifice are deepened, do you get rest by thinking that you are doing what you can with your time and money and family and ability, to bring the soul rebellion of the devil to an end, and bring the rebellious world to His feet.—The General.**

If you have faith, trust Him; if not, then test Him.

The more holiness, the more love to God and man.

For every "I need" in me, there is an "I am" in Christ.

If God loves you, you need not fear what man can do unto you.

I have a great need of Christ; but I have a great Christ for my need.

If you are a tree of the Lord's planting, you can grow straight anywhere.

That man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

The Holy Spirit can find no home in the heart of a professor who loves and lives in sin.

The Spirit's witness in the Word calls for holiness; His witness in the heart produces it.

Faith is obedience resting and looking to the Master; obedience is faith going out to do His will.

**IN THE MATTER OF FULL SALVATION.**—God is the promoter; the blood of Christ the procuring cause; the Holy Ghost, the active, intelligent agent; the truth, the instrument; faith, the channel; man, the receiver.



LOOK OUT, BRIGADIER! THE CATFISH ARE AFTER YOU!

## A Bonfire of Salvation, FAITH, AND FURY

Set Astir by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth

AT THE

### TORONTO TEMPLE.

**SUNDAY NIGHT.**—A larger congregation than has assembled for many a long day gathered at our famous Temple, Toronto, on Sunday last. The F.O. is to be commended for the magnificent staff of platform people he has presented the Torontonians with lately, including, as it did on Sunday night, no less persons than the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, besides a positively huge nucleus of lesser lights.

After the Gospel had given a hallo-lehah "voluntary," the Commandant and Mrs. Booth and Brigadier Holland entered, and made straight for the platform, where, after the welcoming had subsided, the Commandant lined out the often-used, but never worn-out

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye,  
For why will ye die?

In going down to prepare the Commandant asked us to "kneel down before the Lord Jesus, Who is present in this meeting by His Spirit." "The Spirit of that same Jesus, Who, before you were born, planned your salvation, is here." And truly He was. Lieut. Ross prayed in tones quivering with compassionate earnestness, and was followed by the P.O. in tones of a man used to talking to God, and certain of victory.

The Commandant anticipated being away to meet the General (apologies at the mention of the General)—but was detained, and seized the opportunity to assist Mrs. Booth at this meeting. He read from the Holy Scripture and in his usual thoughtful and original style made the passage flame with a light that not only revealed the inner meaning of the sacred historian, but fitted right down to the lepers of the present day, who, the higher their social position, the more they needed Christ. At 8:30 Mrs. Booth sang the old favorite,

Mixed by the Fountain of Blood,

and ere long the whole audience was on report. Mrs. Booth followed up her song, which was frequently interjected with words of exhortation, by a perfect torrent of eloquent appeal, apt illustration and pointed cuts. The Christ Who is able, like the great musician in the illustration, to re-adjust the strings of the broken harp and out of our hearts bring forth entrancing melody was certainly good, while the remark about the crown amongst girls for shirt-fronts and neckties was equally as effective in another direction.

The prayer-meeting was a blaze of light and force. The Commandant and Brigadier De Berritt took the bridge in turn. Sinners sought pardon.

### NOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

#### A Second Report.

When I left the far-famed city of Vancouver, nothing along the banks of that loveliest of lakes, named after Sir Harry Duncan, I promised the comrades that they should hear of me through the WAR CRY. I don't know of a more opportune time or a more suitable subject to write about than Sunday's Toronto Temple meetings. As I had often wished

down deep in my heart for an opportunity to hear Mrs. Booth, I went to the steamboat office and got a ticket for Toronto.

I can assure all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and His work that I was well repaid, good measure, packed down, and running over, glory to God, for the Salvation Army and for the men and women that have been raised up of God in it.

Seven o'clock knock-drill well attended; was led by Brigadier de Berritt. There was such a power in that meeting, and I may say in the others, too, that I was something like St. Paul when he was caught up to the third heaven. I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it.

Then the business and afternoon meetings, led by Brigadier and Mrs. de Berritt, was a time of rejoicing. But I am afraid if I stop to describe them my article would be too long, but I must say that the singing troupe and Brother Brown with his melodious voice in

"Give me Jesus"

seemed to sweep everything before them. I saw Brigadier de Berritt and General Jackson from Guelph doing what seemed to me very much like an old-fashioned, down south, Methodist camp meeting ho-down, and your humble servant could scarce keep from making a three-handed reel of it.

The salvation meeting at night I can never forget. It was led by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. Not expecting to see the Commandant, to me it was a very pleasant surprise, and I can tell

#### My Old Friends West

of the rocky mountains that he has lost none of his old-time fire.

As he spoke from the passage in the Book of Kings of the lepers of Samaria, we could see no reason why the whole uncovered portion of the audience did not rise on mass and stop out for God.

I shall not try to describe Mrs. Booth's speaking nor her singing, but there is a power and a pathos in it that is simply irresistible. Glory, glory to God for a salvation that puts such music in the soul.

Three well-dressed women came out to the platform. The only surprise is that three hundred did not come, and the members of the Salvation Army in this Dominion ought to thank God night and day for sending us two such gifted, consecrated leaders as the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

I have been privileged in my time to shake hands with Lieutenant-Governors, Governors-General, Princes and Princesses of the blood royal, the President of this age and ex-President of the United States, but we thought it a greater privilege to shake hands with that prince of the household (Mrs. H. Booth) of God than any or all of the rest, and the heart's prayer of your correspondent is that He may long spare Commandant and Mrs. Booth to battle for the right, to lift up the fallen and bring them home to God.

E. H.

Here is Mary, of Magdalene, afflicted and tormented with many devils. She is in their power. They are her master. She is their miserable, unhappy slave. If ever there was a being that seemed hopelessly dead, and out of the reach of life, it was poor Mary; but immediately she meets with Jesus, her eyes open, her ears unstop, her chains break, her fetter fall, her past is forgotten, her sins are forgiven, out fly the devils, and from that hour she becomes a disciple, fights as a soldier, and is loyal to her Master.—Colonel Lawley.

"THE thorns may be sharp, the enemies may be strong, the road may be rough, but His Word can never fail."

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."—Matthew xvi. 24.



ADJUTANT MAJOR, Light Brigade Provincial Agent for East Ontario.

## LIGHT BRIGADE.

### A Drunken Husband.

#### SLUM ANGELS.

You have asked what that little bright-looking box is for? Well, now, my friend, I will tell you. That little tin box represents one of the most magnificent and benevolent organizations under Heaven. Look! On one side you will see the picture of a beautiful lighthouse throwing out light to the shipwrecked, struggling mass of humanity just below. This, my friend, represents our Social Reform institutions, scattered throughout the world in the very darkest corners of the earth.

Nothing will dispel darkness but the coming in of light. This has been proved over and over again.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the light has come in. In Toronto, Montreal, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, St. John's, Nfld., you will find that the beautiful, pure light of our Rescue Homes has shone in upon the darkness and dispelled the blackness and impurity of sin. Now, my friend, just turn that little tin box around.

Do you see that poor, wretched, drunken woman, with a still more helpless child clasped to her breast. She was once just as good and as true as your own mother or sister, but a capitalist laid a large hotel; the council granted the license; the hotel-keeper sold his run. This poor woman represents thousands of her sort. Here her husband spent his money; he neglected his home, his wife, and his child. With reckless, headlong strides he went to ruin; his home became a hell; his wife trampled as she heard his footsteps; his child shivered and shrieked with terror at the sound of that voice that was once so tender and kind. Time rolled on; that woman that once had such a hatred for drink, driven to despair by her brutal husband, turned to the fatal cup.

The result was swift destruction. The furniture went to the pawn shop; the rent was unpaid; they were turned out in the street. The husband, away on a big spree, hears of his home being broken up, and, instead of standing by his wife's side, is driven by the devil out of town and leaves them to the mercy of the cold world.

She wanders around, and at last, in deep sorrow and agony, she sits down by the wayside and clasps her shivering, half-starved baby to her breast.

But thank God, help is near. One of our slum angels comes along. She sees her wretched condition. She carries the baby to the Children's Shelter, where loving hands minister to its needs. The poor woman is placed in the Drunkard's Home. The unfaithful husband is searched out and persuaded to go to one of the Army shelters. Loving hearts go out in sympathy for them. The very atmosphere and influences around them are so different; they attend the meetings conducted by our slum officers; their hard hearts are broken; their sins like a mountain rise before them; their eyes are kind and the past is forgiven; hopes swell in their hearts. Through

our employment bureau a suitable situation is found for the man. His wife returns to his home once more; their home is now a home of prayer; they are happy and contented as blood-and-few uniformed soldiers.

This is the work, my friend, that the Army is doing.

If you will just look on the right side of this little box you will find an account of the different institutions now in operation, as well as directions as to where you and your friends may obtain these boxes.

On the left side you will find instructions as to what we would like you to do with it. On the bottom of the box you will find a place for your name and some information as to when the box will be called for, etc. In the top of the box you will find a place to put your contributions. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have a great interest in these boxes, not only as a means of revenue to this noble branch of the Army work, but also as a lighthouse to unveil to everybody the great good that has been accomplished and the magnificent prospects for the future.

T. S. MAJOR.

### A New Use for the Women's Shelter.

#### 50 WEE BIRDS, STORM-TOSSED, FIND REFUGE.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly:  
While the weary waters roll,  
Whither the tempest still is high."

The song from which the preceding verse is a quotation was suggested to Matthew's great grandson, through a May bird seeking the shelter of his house when blown by a hawk.

#### A Shelter Officer Writes:



OLD blew the wind, for there was a big storm the other night. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, while the women came hurrying into the Shelter out of the pouring rain.

As the storm swept on someone noticed some little birds lying underneath the trees. They had fled for refuge among its branches, but soon became stunned by the storm, and dropped, apparently dead.

The women were sorry for the poor little birds, and went out in the storm, and rescued about fifty. It touched my heart to see how tenderly they handled them. Those women have no home of their own, and few friends to love and care for them, and this, I suppose, enabled them to feel such a deep compassion for the poor little birds.

They put them in a basket, and watched over them until the storm was over. Then as they opened the windows and let them go free the birds started up a twitter, as if thanking them for their love.

"Love is the mainspring, the only great moving force of all rightly constructed society."

**VICTORIA—On the Upgrade.**—On Monday, the 20th, the brass band and soldiers escorted Captain Macneave—who has almost completed a second term here—to the wharf, and after several testifies to the blessing she had been to them, a few words of prayer were added, asking God to bless and make her a blessing. To most of us it was a final farewell till we arrive at home.

Thursday we welcomed Captain Thomas amongst us, and if we may judge from the volley given, she will have the hearty cooperation of the soldiers.

Sunday was a "hi-ho" day, as the Indians say. From seven o'clock until ten p.m. God's Spirit was with us in power. At knee-drill, one brother, who had got switched off on the down line, came home again, and had his backslidings healed. But the night meeting was the crowning time. One young man who had been at the meetings during the day, devoted his plainness to his face. The Adjutant dealt with him, but he would not yield then, but promised to do so at night. The Adjutant dealt with him again as for eternity, and left him; he could hold out no longer, out he came and knelt at the foot of the Cross, and laid his weary burden down. He was not there long before he jumped up, clasping his hands, and praising God for a free and full salvation. While he was there dealing with God for himself, two sisters and one of the Marine Artillery—in uniform—came out for salvation. They had not long to wait for it, soon as their all they ventured on the shining floor, the Holy Spirit was in his face, and they were born of God. So we had a hall-in-hall wind-up, with five in the fountain for the day. If Major Read—God bless him—had been here, he would have seen that in which his soul delighted, a hall-in-hall dance by some of the Victoria, B.C. soldiers.—SERGEANT-MAJOR, for R. C.

#### EDMONTON, N.W.T.—A Day's Fight.

—Saturday night the new barracks was opened. It is a neat little building, with a seating capacity of two hundred. Knee-drill was a time of blessing. Captain Green opened the meeting by singing. After several prayers, Brother McConnell gave out a song, and Brother F— started the testimonies; a few words from each one. While the meeting was going on, two six-burdened souls copped into the barracks. The Captain went and spoke to them of Jesus, and gave them the invitation to come to the Cross. Out they came; God met them, and rolled the sin of years away.

The holiness meeting was a time of power. The open-air was well attended. Soldiers and converts marched on with mighty faith.

Sergeant-Major Price led the meeting, and Brother Butler read the lesson. Did you get blessed? Yes, wasn't that a good meeting?

At night the barracks was full. Soldiers happy, looking forward to see souls coming to the feet of Jesus. Many were in the valley of decision. Lieutenant Stephen sang.

"We shall all meet again."

with feeling and expression. As we entered the prayer meeting, tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of the unwarred, and as Captain Green drew in the net, one soul was landed in safety at the Cross. After a jolly good wind-up, soldiers and officers went home, feeling they had done their duty. Three souls captured.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

**Yorkville.**—We are having most beautiful open-air here. As I looked in the face of one poor drunkard and saw how sin had blighted his life, it made me more than ever realize the great need of the soldiers of Jesus Christ, not only to their private souls, but to the whole armor of God, and going forth to the war against darkness and sin.

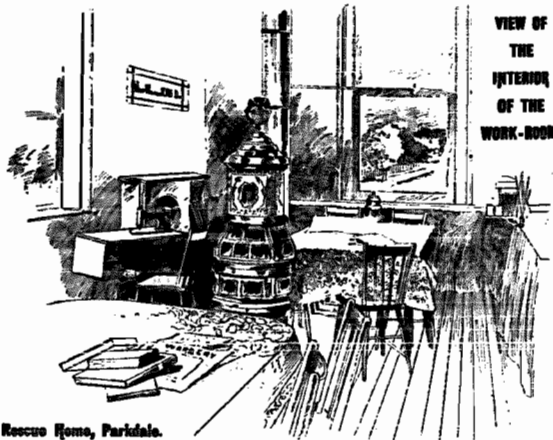
After finishing up we marched to our barracks on Yonge street, led a short meeting, and God blessed us there. But during the testimony meeting I noticed Captain Beckett looking unusually serious. When the stirring words came, "Who is in favor of another open-air?" Every hand was wet up.

We took our stand on Yorkville Avenue, sang a Salvation song, accompanied by Captain Beckett's fiddle, and a nice crowd gathered round. Testimonies were again the order of the day, and once after the other the soldiers stepped forward into the ring and gave their testimony to the saving and keeping power of God.

A collection came next, but at this time in the proceedings the devil began to show his teeth. But he over-acted the mark this time, and we held a collection on the main hall. There was some fine sharp-shooting at his strongholds, and altogether we could praise God for a real good time. The effect of Saturday night was thirteen at knee-drill on Sunday morning. Praise God!

The Christian is like the ripening corn: the ripier he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.

Do not handle your faith to see what the texture of it is; handle the rock to see what the strength of it is.



Rescue Home, Paridade.

### "Army Work Among Women."

Referring to Mrs. Booth's recent visit to Montreal the *Daily Star*, of this city, says:

"The Salvation Army has brought the much-vexed problem of the rescue of fallen women to a satisfactory conclusion," remarked Mrs. Herbert Booth, daughter-in-law of General Booth, to a STAFF reporter this morning.

No less than 20,000 unfortunate women have passed through the hands of the Army officers since this branch of its work was established, and seventy per cent. of these cases have turned out satisfactory in every respect. We have eight Rescue Homes in Canada alone, and have now no less than 127 unfortunate women in residence. We treat them kindly, keep them comfortably housed, and try to lead them to see the beauty and the happiness of pure lives.

WE KEEP THEM HOPE.

In my old home, Holland, we had a proverb, "Idleness is the devil's ear-cumbers," and we find this quaint saying to be true, the more we have to do with these poor sisters of ours."

"What do you find the greatest drawback to this work of yours?"

"Well, there is no doubt on that point. It is the lack of outside sympathy towards these women—the idea which still prevails that if a woman once falls she must be allowed to wallow in it. It is very hard to find people willing to give references to women a helping hand, but we shall get over that some of these days, for so many of our girls are proving the thoroughness of their reformation."

Mrs. Booth expressed herself as much encouraged at the sympathy shown by citizens generally in the Montreal Rescue Home. The workers in connection with the Home have only to state a want to have it supplied, while many people make a practice of sending in supplies.

A pressing want now is a new Home, and Mrs. Booth says she wishes more heartily that she could see the necessity of it.

Mrs. Booth is also much interested in the Army's scheme for reforming drunken women. The women are taken into the home, washed, clothed, fed, and taught the evils of intemperance. In Toronto she had been much amazed at one woman who had been being put in a hospital because she had not had a bath for twenty-four years, and who, after she might catch a cold. She had to take the bath or leave the sheltering Home, however, and choose the former.

# CEYLON.

Written for the Canadian Cry by Deva Singha.)

Seen from a distance at sea, this "utmost Indian Isle" of the old geographers, wears a truly beautiful appearance. The remarkable elevation known as "Adam's Peak," the most prominent, though not the highest, of the hilly ranges of the interior, towers like a mountain monarch amongst an assemblage of picturesque hills, and is a sure landmark for the weary navigator, when as yet the Colombo light-house is hidden from sight amidst the green groves of palms that seem to spring from the bosom of the forest.

The summits of the highest ridges are clothed with

which passes over and covers her low forehead. If it rains she covers her glossy, black hair with an old sack or blanket. Effects or combinations of colors don't trouble her much, she has no leanings to aesthetics, her lips are rather thick and her features most irregular, little expression in her face which is redeemed by her large, deep, black eyes, which have looked on the land as she "plucks" and handles her regulation amount in sun and rain, year in and year out, bone to your bone, flesh to your flesh, bought with the same price, and a temple of the Holy Ghost.

"I've to pay the coolies to-night," said the superintendent of the estate.

some of them had a most sepulchral cough, others with bandages on their legs, they stood with that dejected air which is common amongst the poor, as they "hang on" at the dock gates, two-penny dock-houses, Army Shelters, or casual wards.

The rain pattered on them as the wind whistled round the gable of the house; some of the coolies had their blankets over their heads, and a few had turbans—black, red or dirty white. The conductor stood by the table to act as teller to the master who read out their names. How they listened, with those wonderful eyes of theirs, fixed alternately on master and conductor, as they answered their names with "Alfer" (equivalent, I suppose, to "Hooray") as they stretched out their long, bony arms to receive their wages, which were stowed away mysteriously in some corner of the rage that covered them. One or two men wore old military coats which they bought in the cities cheap, and it does seem ridiculous to see spindle-legged coolies, bare-legged and turbanless, attired in an artilleryman's cast-off coat, with enough slack hanging round him to provide hiding-places for one of his children between the coat and his skin.

One little fellow, with his head shaved all but one little tuft on the top, which hung over his forehead, covered with

A Pocket-Handkerchief and a Pair of Earrings,

amused me as he balanced himself on one leg and laid his head on one side to "size up" the stranger. Another was dressed with two handkerchiefs, one forming his hat, folded his arms à la Napoleon to survey "master's friend," who watched him with the corners of his eyes, while he took in an old woman who scouted at something from beneath her beetle-brows, dressed in a red "dhoty," white "saree," which heightened the repulsive look on her face which made me think of the witches in Macbeth.

Close to her stood a young girl in her teens, with regular features, fairly well dressed, with an old sock thrown over her head. The glossy, black hair, escaping from beneath the sock, fell down the side of her face blending with her "jewels" and earrings, which they all wear, gave her a wild appearance, contrasted with mild-looking children evidently belonging to her who clung to her, half frightened at the presence of the stranger.

No pushing, shouting, nor laughing; life is

## A Serious Business

with them. They simply took their little money, walked off quietly perhaps to remit the larger part to South India to support parent, or child, or friends, for they are strangers, emigrants, exiles, or whatever you like to call them; poor, dark, bright Hinduos, idol-worshippers, closed in by caste laws unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Emigration, to them, is no escape from the old life.

(To be continued.)

Bird Island Cove, Nfld.—Hallelujah! Although for the last two weeks no souls have been saved, we are still in for victory and don't feel like giving up the fight yet. After telling all day on Sunday the sergeant-major led off a hallelujah feast. The comrades danced and shouted, and even the one-legged prophet treated us to a walk through the barracks on his stump. Read between the lines, Mr. Editor.—Lieutenant Treasurer.

# ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

CHATHAM, N.E.—Such a blessed set of special meetings it has not been my privilege to enjoy for some time.

Just eight years ago two cadets and I stood alone on a street corner here, and God gave us His blessing. He gives it to us still. A number of those saved at that time are soldiers to-day along with those who followed them. Numbers went back to the churches, and too great a number left their God. To-day they are reaping the results of disobedience.

Ensign De-Brisay, another warrior well known here, came to an-ist. Assist us she did. One dear woman had got wrong through anger, but repenting found forgiveness and restoration.

On Sunday night a goodly number thronged the tent, among the rest a crowd of circus lads, hard and sinful, but remarkably respectful to the Salvation Army. Several of them were backsliders; poor souls!

I wonder who that clown was with his poor painted face, sitting behind the little donkey as the procession passed by on Monday. I couldn't help wondering if he, too, had ever known God and had left the pastures and Shepherd and was trying to fill himself with husks. Oh, these poor souls, these poor souls!

We saw lots of reason for comparing gratefully our lot with the lot of the worldling that day, and we did our best to draw them from their folly.

We had a hot dinner ready and hot tea, too, to which over three hundred men had sat down, and we had a blessed meeting at night—a feast of fat things for our souls, or perhaps it would be better to say a great rejoicing amongst the redeemed ones for the fat things constantly enjoyed. An illuminating man, the soldier arrayed in tent and chandala, made the folk stare, and well they might; it was beautifully attractive (and the cotton goes to make sheets and pillow-cases for the quarters). A happy crowd they were, for to-night we were reinforced by Captain Larder, of Newfoundland fame, and Lieutenant Brebant, "Little Smiler," who had led the auxiliary meetings at Newcastle on Sunday, and Newcastle corps was there, too. Henry shouting happy, and all the others, with our own dear stinkers.

Some lovely testimonies were given to the glory of God. Some old soldiers, some new ones. Lieutenant Brebant, "Little Smiler," now ready, spoke effectively on best and present, and God's power to save and keep. Sweet singing and music was the order of the evening, and Captain Frizzell couldn't seem to keep his feet still.

In the prayer meeting a backslider soon came to us.

One girl, over whom we have wept and prayed, and with whom we have pleaded, couldn't leave the hall, saying she feared it was her last chance. We took her to the quarters with us, and after the stiffest pull we ever saw over one soul, she sought forgiveness. "Little Smiler" said, "She has been the victim of the most stubborn will."

On Tuesday we worked hard awhile, rested a little, and brought up at least at Newcastle. A good open-air was held; splendid crowd, listening and helping in the offering, and then back to barracks. It was a good meeting. Blessed faith in the shape of two souls seeking mercy, gladdened our hearts considerably.

Here Captain Larder and his Lieutenant left us. They are in for getting there at Harvest Festival.

Captain Bowering and wife were expected in Newcastle on Thursday. Captain Allan and his brave Lieutenant did excellent work for God while there.

Home again Wednesday morning, only to leave for children's picnic at Mill Cove, which proved a delightful time, a day of the most unadulterated pleasure. Everybody enjoyed themselves, from the Ensigns down to the baby who was given to the Lord that afternoon. Read the *Young Soldier* for details.

The women folks here are challenging the men to do half in the Harvest Festival. The target is fixed at \$40. I don't think the men will want to be beaten, and the women won't be beaten if we can help it. Anniversary meetings have been getting at it as quickly as we wished, but there are visions of a decorated barracks, with a drygoods stall, a lunch counter, a fruit and vegetable stall, a flower stall, and a brothers' stall, in which will be arrayed, I can't say what.

E. E. R.

Fredericton, N. E.—We are marching on to victory. We had a very nice meeting Sunday; good crowd. God is blessing our Junior work here. The children are getting interested in the meetings, and getting saved. We give all the glory to God.—Oudet Sparks.

MANY people will estimate your religious attainments by the frequency of your sanctimonious looks; but never mind, go on in the footsteps of your Master "doing good." It is not the saying, "Lord, Lord," but the doing of THE FATHER'S WILL that will tell finally.



A GROUPE OF TAMIL SINGHALESE TEA-PICKERS IN CEYLON.

where, and along their base, in the beautiful valleys which intersect them in every direction, the slopes were all within the last few years covered with forests of tall and valuable trees which have now disappeared under the axe of the planter, who has filled and burnt the timber on all the finest slopes at an elevation of 1000 to 4,000 feet and covered the hillside into highly-cultivated coffee estates.

The island, though completely within the influence of equatorial exuberance, and possessing an elevated tableland of considerable extent, does not boast of any rivers of great volume. The rains which water in each corner of change of season are indeed heavy, and during their fall swell the streams to torrents and impetuous rivers. But when these cease the water-courses fall back to their original state, and there are but few of the rivers which cannot be passed on horseback.

Ceylon may be said to have been for ages slowly rising from the sea, as appears from the terraces abounding in marine shells, which occur in situations far above high-water mark, and at some miles distant from the sea.

## PART I.

### IN AND AROUND A TEA ESTATE.

Probable very few people who drink tea ever think of where it comes from, how it is made, or anything about it.

Any boy look in my school-boy days we were wont to read about China and its tea. Our school-books had a lesson on tea—a hideous looking picture of a most non-Chinese-looking Chinaman, with long, flowing moustaches. Two panniers across his shoulders illustrated the lesson, and served the purpose of impressing us with curious ideas of the patient Mongolian.

That was China and this is Ceylon. The technical details of the tea growing and making don't interest Salvationists very much unless there's humanity in it, and there is. Harkens, ye "Wives and mothers, maidens fair," other eyes than yours have looked on that day, withered knut, other fingers than yours have handled it.

While it was yet green on the little bushes long, thin, skinny fingers, with rings on every one of them, part of a long, braceleted arm, belonging to a skinner body, poorly clad in most unfashionable garments, which no "moderate" ever cut, heavy rings hang from her ears, another encircles her neck, and by some mysterious process two jewels were attached to her nose. Shoes! She would scorn the thought of putting her feet with its two rings of copper or

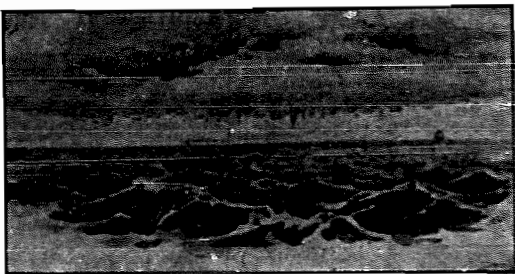
Silver on Back Toe.

A large basket on her back, and with a hand



PICKING TEA IN CEYLON.





A beautiful and wonderfully perfect mirage was seen in the northern sky at Buffalo about 10:30 Thursday morning. Toronto City, the harbor and the island were visible for nearly half an hour. Those who were first to discover the phenomenon claim that they could distinctly see the church spires of Toronto, but the atmospheric condition changed so quickly that only the outlines could be discerned after the first ten minutes. As late as 11 o'clock the northern shore of Lake Ontario could be traced; then the clouds lowered, obliterating the beautiful picture.

#### TURN—Tell it again.

1 Out on the streets many drunkards we see,  
Tolling and struggling in deep agony;  
Is there not one who will help us to-day,  
Gather them in from the devil's highway?

#### CHORUS.

Gather them in, gather them in,  
In from the highways and hedges of sin;  
Point them to Jesus, Who died on the tree,  
Tell them salvation is ample and free.

Often, yes, often, they try to do right,  
Trying alone in their own selfish right;  
Round head and feet they are covered in sin,  
Come then and help us to gather them in.

They have a soul, these poor drunkards you see.

Christ died to give them full liberty;  
Jesus still loves them, their souls He would win.

Help us, oh, help us, to gather them in.

Give of your time and your talent to-day,

Help us to show them the pure light of day;

Christ is the Light and Redeemer from sin,

Come then and help us to gather them in.

LIEUTENANT CHATFIELD, Lighthouse.

#### TURN—Come to-day, While You May.

2 Sinners, far from your God,  
Travelling on destruction's road,  
Come to Jesus, your Lord, while you may;  
He will cleanse you from sin,  
Make and keep you pure within,  
Then come to this cleansing stream to-day.

#### CHORUS.

Come to-day, while you may.

Jesus calls you to come,  
At the Cross there's lots of room,  
For your heart, that by sin is weighed down;  
All the past He'll blot out,  
Make you free without a doubt,  
And at last He will give to you a crown.

There's no pleasure in sin,  
Only misery within,  
Oh, how often have thy feet gone astray;  
It to-day makes you sad,  
Thinking of the wrong and bad,  
That have led you to sin and decay.

You may wander on in sin,  
Take the cup of pleasure in,  
Till you're called on the great judgment day,  
Then you'll tremble with fear,  
For your doom is drawing near,  
Then is hell you'll be ever shut away.

MAUD MORDEN.

#### TURN—Rose of Sharon. (B.J., 115.)

3 Wandering sinner, on in sadness,  
Stranger to the God of Light;  
Plunging headlong to destruction,  
Heeding not the fears of night.  
Oh, the danger that awaits you,  
If you onward careless go;  
Hell's awaiting you, my brother,  
Shun that awful place of woe.

#### CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come and He will set you free.

On you wander in your sadness,  
Longing only to be free;  
All in gloomy, friends have failed you,  
None can give you liberty.  
Joy has vanished, courage failing,  
Nothing left to bring you peace;  
All in darkness, sad and gloomy,  
The fruits of sin is eternal death.

Be a stranger now no longer,  
Get acquainted with the Lord;  
He is waiting you to welcome,  
Give you joy the world can't afford.  
Come believing without doubting,  
Lay yourself at Jesus' feet;  
He will pardon your transgression,  
Give you joy that is complete.

WM. McLAUGHLIN, S.C.

#### TURN—Land beyond the Blue. (B.R. 4.)

4 We are soldiers bound for glory,  
We are fighting not alone,  
For the Saviour leads us onward,  
And we soon shall be at home.

#### CHORUS.

We love Jesus, hallelujah,  
We love Jesus, yes we do;  
We love Jesus, He's our Saviour,  
Jesus smiles and loves us, too.

Years ago God sent a leader  
Willing to bear the cross of man;  
He's been faithful to the Master,  
And we love him—Booth's his name.

Many said he soon would falter,  
But he's with us to this day;  
We have learned to trust and love him,  
He will lead us on the way.

General Booth is still our leader,  
Though we have a greater One,  
And we'll fight beneath our banner  
Till the battle's fought and won.

CECILIA CALMAN, R. C.

#### TURN—I'm happy. (B.R. 47.)

5 Oh, why will you wander, poor lost one,  
From God,  
This world gives no rest, nor lightens thy load.

But He will give you rest Who died on Calvary!  
'Tis Jesus, don't you hear Him calling, calling for thee?

#### CHORUS.

Still calling, still calling,  
Oh, hear Him pleading low;  
Oh, will you not give up your sin  
And come to Him now?

You remember when you first heard the story  
Of the Cross,  
How Jesus came to seek and to save that  
which was lost?

When, oh! so sad and weary His power you  
could not know,  
Then by faith you heard Him gently calling  
for you.

M. A. S.

#### TURN—Is my name written there?

6 I've a home up in heaven, and my Father  
is there,  
If my sins are forgiven, his glories I'll share:  
In those heavenly regions, with their streets  
of pure gold,  
I am bound for that country where we never  
grow old.

#### CHORUS.

Shall we all meet up there, in that country so  
fair,  
At the end of our journey, shall we all meet  
up there?

There no sin e'er can enter, and no sorrow  
can come,  
For there's none but the holy can dwell in  
that home;  
Where all who are faithful forever shall rove,  
And the glorified saints are made perfect in  
love.

When our labors are ended, and at last we  
have come,  
To the river that separates us from our home;  
When we enter the valley that once looked so  
drear,

We can sing, "Hallelujah, I have nothing to  
fear!"

KATHIE ALLEN, KINGSTON.

#### TURN—Down in the Garden. (B.J., 67; S.M., 1, 491.)

7 Oh, Saviour, look within my heart,  
And help me now to see,  
If all my thoughts, and words, and deeds,  
Bring glory unto Thee.

#### CHORUS.

Search me and try me,  
Prove me now, dear Lord;  
In my heart the Saviour's dwelling?  
Show me through Thy blessed Word.

Lord, search my mind and show me now,  
If there's one selfish thought,  
One idle, impure carnal wish,  
Which glorifies Thee not?

Lord, try my words in every form,  
And let me plainly see,  
Just where I've uttered anything  
Which did not honor Thee.

W. H. B., Fredericton.

#### TURN—Judgment Day. (B.J. 65; M.S.L., 77.)

8 Eternity! Time soon will end,  
Its days are flying fast;  
Oh, sinner, say where will you spend  
Eternity at last.

#### CHORUS.

Eternity, eternity;  
Oh, sinner, sinner, flee  
To Jesus while He waits to save  
To all eternity.

Eternity! Oh, dreadful thought,  
If then should 't be in thy sin  
Before the judgment seat be brought  
And hear that awful doom.

To-night may be your last on earth,  
Oh, sinner, sinner, flee  
To Jesus while He waits to save  
To all eternity.

L. E. W.

#### TURN—Rejoice in the Lord and be glad. (B.J., No. 20)

9 If they will the Saviour call;  
Salvation is free unto all;  
It's true, Jesus died, once for all,  
Salvation for who will call.

#### CHORUS.

He waits, He waits,  
To set your poor soul free;  
He'll save, He'll save,  
And you shall happy be.

You're wandered in sin long enough,  
The battle and struggle's been tough;  
The way it's been very rough,  
But the grace of God is enough.

Now Christ is the Shelter for aye,  
Come plunge in the blood to-day;  
He will not say to you nay,  
So come unto Him while you may.

These loved ones who've gone on before,  
You'll meet them on Canaan's shore;  
And Christ you'll all always adore,  
With them on the bright Crystal Shore.

#### TURN—Come to Jesus. B.J. 9; S.M. 1, 288.

10 Christ is the true, the only Guide  
That sin could not defile,  
And we are safe if we abide  
'Neath His approving smile.

#### CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.

As man the tempter tried Him, but  
We joyful sing to-day,  
That Jesus conquered when He put  
The thought of sin away.

O Saviour, quick'ner of the dead,  
Thy guiding light we see;  
Armed in Thy mighty power we tread  
The path that leads to Thee.

To Thee, where all is perfect love,  
And perfect joy, and rest,  
To be, with all Thy saints above,  
Forever fully blest.

J. M. B.

#### TURN—Will you go? (B.R. 13; S.M. 1, 380.)

11 Behold the Saviour as He hangs  
On the Cross, on the Cross;  
Behold His bleeding feet, His hands,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
The cruel ropes thrust in His side,  
There gush forth the crimson tide,  
Where all may come and be supplied,  
At the Cross, at the Cross.

He died that cruel death for all,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
For rich and poor, for great and small,  
On the Cross, on the Cross,  
Give up your sin and fly to Him,  
He'll purify your soul within,  
His precious blood can make you clean,  
At the Cross, at the Cross.

Poor guilty soul there's room for you  
At the Cross, at the Cross,  
Then come away to Christ just now,  
To the Cross, to the Cross,  
That aching void our Christ can fill,  
He freely pardons rebels still,  
Oh, come and prove His power to heal,  
At the Cross, at the Cross.

LEWIS, WM. HENRY, Sherbrooke.

## NEXT WEEK.

Full particulars of the exuberant and triumphant wedding ceremony conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the Toronto Jubilee Hall, when Master Campbell, Editor of the WAR CRY, and Captain Tyne, late of Australia, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony beneath the good old flag.

# Cablegram.

LONDON, 12-9-94.

Salvation, Toronto:

General and party sailed yesterday. "Carthaginian."



Don't be a wheel-barrow Christian that goes only when pushed.

The man or woman professing to be possessed of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who is prepared to contend for any temporal interest of his own at the expense of the interests of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom, thereby proclaims his hypocrisy before the whole world.—The General.

"Jesus is dead!" cried the crowd.  
"Jesus is dead!" proclaimed the people.  
"Jesus is dead!" published the populace.  
"Jesus is dead!" scowled the Scribes.  
"Jesus is dead!" sneered the Pharisees.  
"Jesus is dead!" howled out hell. "Jesus is dead!" shouted Satan, and I have no doubt but that the same sentence dropped from the lips of every devil, while earth and hell alike said amongst themselves, "We have driven Him to death! It is all over now; we have heard the last—His has finished Him!"

The nails were drawn, the spikes pulled, the corpse lowered, and at "even" the begg'd Body is laid within the tomb, the stone is rolled, the sepulchre sealed, the watch arranged, and, as far as one could judge, earth's arrangements were finished and hell's work was complete, for Jesus is not only dead, but buried.

"Will He rise?" queried earth.  
"Rise! No; that's all rubbish!" answered hell, but in spite of the stone, and in spite of the seal, and in spite of the watch, and in spite of earth, and in spite of hell,

"He rose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His saints to reign; He arose; He arose; hallelujah! Christ arose."

—Colonel Lonsley.



## TO THE RESCUE!

Halifax Home has been opened six months on 15th inst. We have admitted four hundred up to the present. Have only lost one of them since. In spite of coming obstacles the work is going on. We have just sent one them to a nice home to be adopted.



One hundred things have happened since last these Topics appeared in print, and there has been positively no time to record them. The General's visit, with its multitudinous arrangements, the Harvest Festival needing energetic pushing up behind, preparation of business and reports for the General, the raising and repairing of the yacht—do my nothing of raising the yacht is to pay for the Trade, the Social, the Spiritual, the Financial, added to the preparation of affairs for six weeks' absence of the Commandant, he kept us at night and day. Composing Topics in a shipyard is out of the question.

The General sailed yesterday, Tuesday, September 11th, by the *s.s. Carthaginian*. It is an exciting thought that our veteran leader is hourly approaching our shores. Ere this CAY reaches its distant readers, the voice of our chief will, God willing, shall have sounded in the ears of our Newfoundland warriors, and the great campaign will have opened. Not more living or hearty were the shouts of those who hid the General adieu in the Queen's Hall, London, than will be those to welcome him on our side the Atlantic.

**Missed Connections.** By rights the Commandant should have been by this time waiting the arrival of the *Carthaginian* at St. John. But the fates have willed otherwise. His arrangements were made, sailing five days

He suddenly put forward a day, notwithstanding Swete agent's assurance. Just too late to catch connection, but still and I am left to connect myself that there is neither boat on the fifteenth. But even this connection is to be reborn from me. Without a word of warning, the agent of the steamship company, who had been in the midst of steamship arrangements, and such in the reliability of their assurance as to sailings. For three days we have been scouring the coast of Nova Scotia, to find any sort of a craft that would take me in time to meet the Gambia at Newfoundland. So far it is all but hopeless. Try and try, but it is very hard for the Commander to think that I could ever return.

Meanwhile St. John's, Newfoundland, is in a state of jubilation. Major Morris has raised all creation, and all creation in that part is on tip-toe, straining eyes to catch the first glimpse of the *Carthagenian*. The great risk is wanted, the reception arranged. The General will spend about sixteen hours on shore. Officers from all parts of the island are gathering by all sorts of means—walking, riding, sailing, driving, and trailing. The great eyes of the colony are scanning themselves to see which the General will prefer to visit. It is to be the greatest gathering of religious fervor in the history of Newfoundland.

**Chief among the** General's staff will be my old and much-loved comrade, Colonel Lawley. The Colonel is the chief of his shining force will recruit a hundred battalions. With no effort in the whole Army outside the circle of my own loved family have I spent more happy days; with none I have travelled more miles or conducted more meetings. John Lawley is a man of fire and of the Holy Ghost. He believes in the Blood of Lamb, and desires more than to have the chance of crying to all I am saving people. Apart from my love for him, he always has the desire to see me in the front of the battle.

Some folks say to me in a meeting like this; Lawley acts like spirit. God bless him and make him the inspiration he can be to us all in our harder part of the battlefield.

The repairs of the *William Booth* go on apace. Let me thank all those comrades who have shown their sympathy and guard in so practical a way as to send donations towards the floating again of our cruiser. I have felt nothing more than I have this mark of affection since I came to Canada. God bless you, my dear comrades. Staff-Capt. Jewer has arrived in the city and is getting his party together for the sail along the St. Lawrence. I hope to see you, my dear friend, and generally to enjoy myself. I am likely to see a sailing on fire. A proper blood-and-fire sermon to the people.

**Mrs. Booth promises to be the salvation of our financial position. God has wonderfully helped and sustained her during her recent tour. At London and Montreal alone she raised over a thousand dollars for local aid. But this is not all. Mrs. Booth has consented to take the oversight of the Grace-before-Meat box scheme, or, as it is in future to be called, the Light Brigade. The Auxiliary Department is also coming under her direction, and our friends may look for quite a revival in their midst. In order that ample assistance may**

be rendered; our old comrade, Adjutant Southall, has been appointed secretary to Mrs. Booth for these departments. With such oversight what more can we not expect? By the way, have you a Grace-before-Meat box? If you not, I will send you one to you that we give an opportunity of dropping a crumb into the mouth of the many poor Leagues who thirst for Homes and Shelters! It isn't much surely to ask you to remember, when you ask God's blessing on your Sunday dinner, the many who have no dinner at all. Will you not drop a cent in the box for the unfortunate, remembering that you might, but for the mercy of God, have been born in the position of those who go dinnerless every day.

A great change is coming on shortly in the WAN CRY. For a long time we have felt that the present size of the CRY made it impossible for us to do with its limited circulation all we might if its size were more compact and handy. A number of our subscribers have suggested that we make it in better style, and conduct the matter so as to make it far more readable. This, after careful thought, we have decided to carry into effect. After the first of October, therefore, the Canadian CRY will be the same as the San Francisco Free-Press Far Cry. We shall spare no effort to make it a sparkling, and the reports of the correspondents will give us a splendid chance of introducing the new form to the readers. Pray for and push it.

**The General's Staff.**

**The Winter Campaign.**

God, is increasing in our midst. We must make the very most of it.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth intend to lead the way. In addition to the assistance they hope to prove to their beloved leader, they are arranging for another series of Holy Men's Meetings in Toronto. We shall go on where we left off. Mrs. Booth will also visit various centres in Ontario, and the Commandant intends to devote most of his public attention to the soldiers of our district's. All-nights and half-nights of prayer are being arranged for officers and soldiers only at various centers, and there is to be a mighty wrestling with God for more real self-sacrificing love for His cause. Grievances and difficulties will disappear wholesale. Pray

Meantime, the police are devoting special attention to the Salvation Army meetings, on the principle, we suppose, of going for big game at the start. One of the biggest policemen of the town went up officially and demanded the name of the leader of one of our open-air, who happened to be none other than our diminutive comrade, Major Edward Wilmer. This is the second or third time when such a proceeding has been some through.

Twenty-six thousand young warriors have been added to the strength of the Junior War during the last twelve months. At the present time at least 100,000 are brought weekly within Salvation influence.

Commissioner Estill appointed to the command, under Commissioner Combs, of the Colony of New South Wales, 270 officers, 124 corps, and seven divisions spread over 310,700 square miles, with Rescue Work and other agencies to superintend. The great experience which both he and Mrs. Estill have gained during their four years' career at the Cape will pave the way for an even more than successful one in Australia.

**India.—MADRAS.**—The last three months have been "months of rejoicing" in Madras. The campaign here has gloriously exceeded all expectations, so that the final day was a time of unbounded happiness. No one could remain in Black Town without seeing and hearing something of the S. A. unless they were both deaf and blind. Some of the Madras secular papers have spoken a good word for us, to a large extent using our own terms.

July 28th was looked forward to with great expectation, and all were ready for the fray soon after the dawn of day. Our Jubilee victories for the three months total 151 souls, 68 soldiers, 22 candidates, and five janadars. Glory be to God!

**GUJARAT. — Ahmedabad Training Home besieged with cadets—never such a thing before. Officers stationed on railway platform to meet each train and welcome new-comers.**

The Candidates' Boom is glorious. The wheel goes round of itself, the boomers have got the spirit into them, and the talk everywhere is about the Mukti-fauj and the its new Cadets.

All our officers have got into the whirl. The Training Garrisons are crowded, and we have to open the Barracks for the over-flow, but we dare not stop the incoming of officers. This is the one thing we have lived for. Sometimes we have not been able to get one Cadet in six months, and now we have all these crowds coming—and on self-supporting lines, too!

Some ugly court cases have been started to take us off the work, but we are going on. Pray for us. We want help.

*"Birds are seldom taken in their flight, the more we are upon the wing of heavenly thoughts, the more we escape the snares."*

### MY RESOLUTION.

"This day the Lord hath spoken,  
This day my choice is made;  
I will be all for Jesus,  
Who all for me has paid."

## MY REWARD.

"And He will be my treasure,  
And He my boundless store;  
And those who live on Jesus,  
Will never hunger more."

**Sept. 22nd.**—Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.—REV. iii. 11.

**Sept. 23rd.**—I am the Lord, I change not.—**MAL.** iii. 6.

**Sept. 24th.**—We walk by faith, not by sight.—II. COR. v. 7.

Sept. 25th.—Be of good cheer; it is  
I, be not afraid.—MAT. xiv. 27.

**Sept. 26th.**—I can do all things through Christ, which strengthen

eth me.—PHIL. iv. 13.  
Sept. 27th.—Faithful is He that

calleth you Who also will do it.—  
I. THESS. iv. 24.

**Sept. 28th.**—My God shall supply  
all your need.—PHIL. iv. 19.

With strong minds there is generally an indifference to personal injuries and wrongs. Jesus Christ never resented any personal injury; It was the wrongs inflicted upon the defenceless multitudes that stirred His mighty soul. He saved others, Himself He would not save. The General.



International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street.—The Chief of the Staff is very much run down, so much so, in fact, that he was confined to his bed during two or three days. For two or three months a tremendous strain has devolved upon him, but, doubtless, his three or four days' enforced "rest" will pay in the end. At any rate, we are glad to hear that he is back at Headquarters.

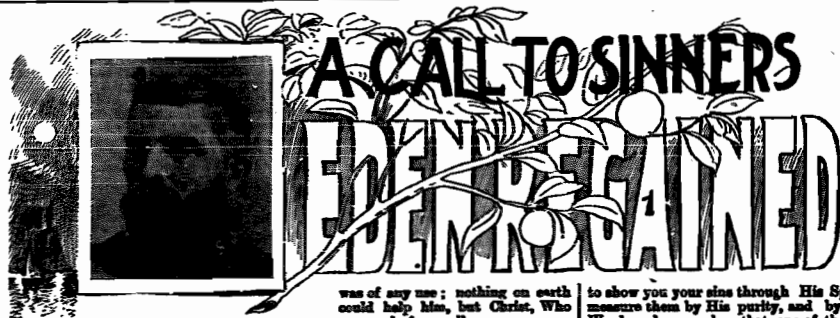
**SCOTLAND STARVING.**—Lamentable condition of things owing to the continuance of the Scottish coal strike. Families starving and food-supplying agencies exhausted. Our Salvation comrades are straining every sinew to supply at least bread and soup to the hunger-stricken ones; but if they are to keep up even this, their finances must be considerably and immediately augmented; \$2,000 meals have been supplied in less than a month in Blantyre alone.

Ten thousand poor, hopeless, despised girls loved, sheltered, and (many of them) saved in soul as well as body, in the nine years of the Rescue Homes' existence in England alone. By recent computation, after three years' trial, eighty-five per cent. proved themselves to be really and truly rescued. 10,666 enquiries after lost people, a third of whom have been found, the marvellous amount of the five years' operations of this useful branch of the Rescue, the Home Department. Hail with welcome and commend with all our heart

the Annual Two Days' Thanksgiving, which Mrs. Bramwell announces.

Eight thousand London Juniors are being sent forth for a day's helpful enjoyment in forest or park. The first batch of 2,000 were sent to Chingford, though the rain delayed the "Dark City" all the morning, the weather was kind to the youngsters, and on happy wings the hours sped all too quickly. Miss Booth, Colonel and Mrs. Higgins, Staff-Capt. Lord, Staff-Capt. Duce, Adjutant Pease, Ensign Allen, and the F.O.s of the corps represented, felt the fall joy which is the best reward of "those who give" pleasure and blessing. Hearty and lively prayer meeting held in the open, and before tea was partaken of the Commissioner gleefully greeted the youthful Salvation guests. Similar outings take place to-day, Wednesday, and Friday.

The Brighton Town Council have set the people's teeth on edge. They have been busy of late framing new by-laws, one of which is so worded that any moment they may clear the beach of all preachers, lecturers, and Salvation Army "open-air" hawkers, etc. These by-laws have happily not yet received Parliamentary sanction, so that it is not too late to prevent the carrying out of a design which, it is generally supposed, is deliberately aimed at the religious community. Those immediately interested are arranging indignation meetings, to be followed up by petitions to, and interviews with, the President of the Board of Trade.



RICHARD MORRIS, MAJOR.

There seems to be no occasion for me to offer any apology for speaking of and holding up salvation as the one thing most needful in your life. I am going to speak through the columns of the WAR CRY just as the Lord hands it out to me, and from whatever source He may supply me.

Salvation shall be my text, as this is intended chiefly for those who are out of Christ. Why are you afraid of becoming converted, and becoming a changed man or woman as the case may be? You have not reached the place, precious comrades, where times you have wished to come up to the ideal of a man which stands fully developed before your conscience that monitor within, and have as many times failed, thus plunging you into a sorrow so bitter that it has been almost impossible for you to bear up under it.

It was my lot to witness a night last week that made me feel very sad. A man full of intelligence, but weak, yes, so weak (just possibly like you who read this), was overcome, and in a fit of temper, would have done that which would have ruined him and his family and his business as well. In the middle of the night, the whole house was in an uproar, children and wife shouting and

#### Implying Help,

the children rushing into my room, come upon the bed, and others undermeath to seek safety. There were seven other men in the house, and it seemed so strange to me that they should seek my help and protection, being a perfect stranger. What I want to illustrate is, that their father was good at times, but this scene was only a repetition of many, the outcome of temptation endured, and then allowed to overcome him. He had knelt at his wife's feet, and begged her pardon in the presence of his children; he was conscious of the wrong, and he, as I have said, laid before him an ideal of a moral man in Christ, like every human soul who lives to-day in the light of the Gospel. The oldest girl implored me not to leave them in their meanness and temper, while the oldest boy pleadingly asked me to do something for his father; but you know how far my help

was of any use; nothing on earth could help him, but Christ, who was ready for a call.

Now, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ comes to him; that was the fountain that this man needed, which I pointed out to the dear lad, also to the father, when I could quiet him. He assured me that the priest could not get him to attend confession, and He would join the Salvation Army in the morning. That is possibly good in itself—joining a good work—but it is not the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ joining the Salvation Army. Do not make this mistake. What your poor soul needs, who are not strong enough to resist the temptations of the devil, is a counteracting spirit, and

#### That Spirit is Christ,

a Spirit Almighty. The devil is strong and very powerful, but we have salvation in the Lord Jesus above any other power, which will be given to every soul who will ask for it.

You ask me, can I live up to the standard raised in my mind, which I have raised for every Christian to live and walk up to?

Yes, a thousand times yes, you can. You ask how? Why, by asking for strength from on high, claiming the promise which says, "My grace shall be sufficient for you." Keep right along claiming, night and day, until the door of death's portals are reached, and you enter into the presence of God. You ask, is there grace for me? Yes, thank God, there is; free, abundantly free, for every poor sin-sick soul of man. The yoke of sin can be unloosed from every human neck, and you can be liberated from the clog which makes your life unhappy, and anything but glorifying to God. It has been just the reverse—unhappy, ungodly and unhappy—the letter is a sure reward of unrighteousness.

You say, "Oh, my God, what can I do?" Do as God commands, call upon Him while He is near, and while it is called to-day. There is no time to wait; just while you are reading this message, let your heart go up, even if you are a backslider, there is only one way through the blood. The past, the past, the past! Well, there is pardon to be obtained before grace can be bestowed; seek it, you can find it down at the Cross. Just where you are, cry out mightily to God, roll your burden of sin down at His feet, seek Him

to show you your sins through His Spirit, measure them by His purity, and by His Word, and remember that one of them—yes, only one will damn you unless blotted out. The devil will all the time try to show you them in contrast with others, and make you a Pharisee; but see them as the poor publican saw his, and if you are a genuine man, and a principled one, you will cry as he did, "God be merciful, and God will be merciful, as He was merciful to him. You say, all my principle is gone. I believe it.

#### The Devil's Business

is to rob you of all that is good and Christlike, and put in its place all that is hellish.

You, through these words, hear Christ calling you to accept salvation; will you do it, and have it to keep you day by day in the right path?

I visited a wretched dwelling some few days ago in a lovely secluded wood. For years the surroundings had been running wild, until weeds had supplanted nearly all the fruit and flowers, and what remained was but very poor. What was wanted was someone to come in and restore it to its former beauty, and commence to cultivate it. Of course, it would involve labor, patience and thought; but these, with perseverance and strength would accomplish it. Now, here you are, all that was in you that was good or beautiful, has been smothered and covered over by sin, your goodness and your spiritual beauty have been neglected. You were once young and innocent, but an enemy has come into your heart and life possibly in disguise. You now awake up to the fact that you are a prisoner to some evil passion or appetite, and your surroundings are so strong you cannot break away; your garden, which was once fruitful and beautiful, has run to weeds. What you want is the Master to come to restore you your Eden. You say, "Can He?" Yes, thank God, you can be saved; you can be kept from sinning, and the blood of Christ can cleanse you whiter than the snow.

A shame kept by grace, and kept by Him Who neither slumbers or sleeps.

"DIFFICULTIES drive men to God. It is while in the lap of luxury and ease that men, like Samson, lose their strength."

## Closing Scenes in the Western Campaign.

RESCUE DEMONSTRATION—WONDERFUL SOLDIERLY COUNCIL—"HELTER-SKEETER" MEETING.

We finished up on Sunday night with two souls in the fountain and everybody in high spirits.

Every night during the week's meetings the barracks were crowded, and no less than sixteen knelt at the penitential-form for salvation and sanctification.

Over fifty soldiers were on the march on Sunday afternoon and evening. The open-air ring was surrounded by people every night whose curiosity had been aroused.

On Monday night at Campbell's Gunners a miniature nationality meeting was held. A large crowd followed to the barracks to hear about Victoria's part in the gigantic Jubilee scheme, i.e., the Salvation Candel. The opening song was not given out in the orthodox Salvation Army style, as some of the soldiers proved, for the Major almost invariably pounces on everybody who is not singing on the platform, and initiates the dread punishment of singing a verse alone.

The testimonies were very interesting. Each soldier gave his or her opinion as to what a Salvation Army barracks is and what it should be. We gleaned some fresh and very striking ideas.

The Major gave a very interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the Salvation Army, and Adjutant Ansell made an appeal for some practical help. The people

responded liberally, and fifty dollars was donated to the building fund.

Mrs. Read gave a little of her experience. Many felt their position keenly, and one poor soul especially was almost persuaded, but the cross seemed too heavy to take up.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Read conducted a Rescue demonstration, assisted by Ensign Fitzpatrick of the Victoria Rescue Home and Children's Shelter. The march was a very pretty sight, six ladies with white caps and aprons with "Purity" written on them. Each soldier wore a glittering white badge, and as the march advanced down the main streets of the city the people flocked from all directions. A rousing open-air.

Mrs. Read spoke a few words on the children's work in the city, and the bystanders showed their practical sympathy by giving a drum-head collection.

The barracks was crowded for the inside meeting with an eager, expectant audience. Over sixty soldiers were on the platform, also the juniors of the corps.

The opening song,

"With sword and shield,"

was sung lustily by everybody to the accompaniment of the brass band.

Ensign Fitzpatrick prayed, and Mrs. Read, in the absence of the Shelter children, who were too young to be present, called on the juniors of the corps to sing. They led off with

"His blood can make the vilest clean,"

and a few other choruses. We do pray that their little voices touched some hearts.

The Major then stood little Annie Keefe,

who is a born Salvationist, on the table to sing her old favorite,

"The shell behind the door."

She is only three years old.

When the little one had taken their places again, Mrs. Read spoke to the interested audience on the Rescue and Children's Work from her experience in Toronto and other places. The tears came to many eyes as she gave the touching incidents connected with some of the little ones received in the Children's Shelter, Toronto, especially when the story of little Frankie was told, and the baby whose only cry was for "whisky, whisky." Oh, how the people listened, almost breathlessly, and how the minutes flew! The last incident was the story of a girl rescued from sin and shame in St. John, N.E., who, when dying, said, "I am so tired, let me sleep now." The six ladies in the Rescue costumes then sang the beautiful song that was written about her, entitled,

"Drifting away."

Ensign Fitzpatrick, who has toiled so bravely behind the scenes for over six months, was called upon. She spoke of her experience in different Homes, and especially of her work among the children. There are six little ones in the Victoria Shelter, four of them under two years of age, and as she told the big-hearted people of her little charge, it is any wonder that their sympathy was aroused and reached down as far as their pockets! In spite of hard times they could not resist, and the promises came rolling in. A nice sum was realized, and then at the Major's proposition the juniors went round to "gather up the

fragments that remained." The people, of course, did not forget the Rescue stall. We regretted not having Captain Heath with us, who, not doing well enough to be present, but we sincerely hope that the bracing air of Winnipeg will speedily restore her to health again. Captain N. G. of Mooseomin, is expected daily to take her place. The Victoria soldiers and friends give her a hearty welcome to the "Queen City."

At the soldiers' council on Wednesday night we had a wonderful time. Only those who were present could understand anything at all about it, for it was, indeed, indescribable.

Thursday night was announced for the "halter-skelter," and it well deserved the name. Soon after 7:30 the Major and Adjutant could be seen making their way to "Campbell's Corner" armed with concertinas and two chairs. They took their stand all alone and prayed. The Major's whistle sounded, and to soldiers came from all directions, rushing to the corner. They soon formed up and a red-hot opera was indulged in. At the sound of the whistle again every soldier made a bee-line for the corner next the barracks. It was a proper "halter-skelter," I can assure you. When all had once more assembled, we had a march single file around the corner, and at the alarm another rush was made for the barracks. The soldiers waited all over the hall, the Major and Adjutant being the sole occupants of the platform. The people tittered, but the moment that whistle sounded what a rushing and scrambling for the platform took place!

The meeting was "halter-skelter" all through, and everybody seemingly enjoyed themselves. It was the Major's last meeting with us, and he looked very tired, working as he had like a Trojan. Towards the close of the meeting he pleaded specially with the young men present. One came out for salvation, and we had a proper hallelujah wind-up.

ANNIE REILLY, S. C.

## Hints for Leaders of Holiness Meetings in the Salvation Army.

- 1st. Let the audience clearly understand at the start that this meeting is a holiness meeting.
- 2nd. Select songs to sing during the meeting that refer definitely to full salvation from all sin in every sense of the word.
- 3rd. Don't allow the same three or four, as the case may be, to do all the public praying, but call on different ones at different times, until the whole corps, or nearly all, take part in public prayer.
- 4th. Select a Scripture reading on holiness.
- 5th. Let the audience know from the first that full salvation, and full deliverance only, will be for God, themselves, or the world. Press the subject home with all the directness possible. Do not lower the standard one iota. Let them know they must do the will of God as angels do it in heaven.
- 6th. In the testimony meeting, call for testimonies from those who have clean hearts and are living pure, godly, righteous lives, and then from those who desire to have this wonderful salvation.
- 7th. Call for decision for God, unconditional surrender, and praise God for victory.

SUBOT. MARK WAINWRIGHT, Peterboro'.

## OSHAWA.



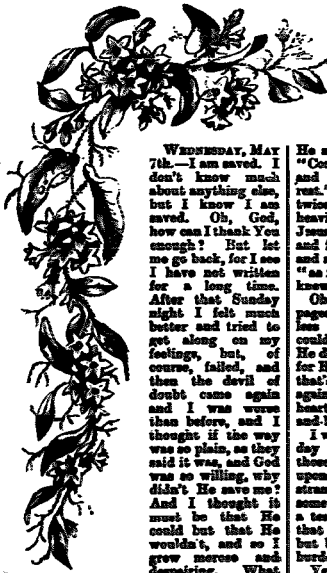
EMED with all the requisites, namely, note-book and pencil, and some energy to help ask for assistance in a Harvest Festival at Oshawa, Lieutenant and I, and

and on foot. Friends responded liberally, and fed us well that day into the bargain, around Friday, August 24th, we landed around, collecting and preparing for the feast. Mr. de Barritt, Ensign and Mrs. Hay, and others of Whitchy and Tyrone, went to make the special. A godly number sat down to supper, and apparently satisfied themselves with the good things. But the evening time was the meeting. But the little bit of music from soldiers representing Oshawa and more so when Mrs. de Barritt got up and for an hour gave a most interesting sermon on South America. We went into the prayer meeting, and closed at 10:30.

You cannot be happy but as God makes you holy.

## The Old Diary and the New.

(Continued.)



WEDNESDAY, MAY 7th.—I am saved. I don't know much about anything else, but I know I am saved. Oh, God, how can I thank You enough? But let me go back, for I see I have not written for a long time. After that Sunday night I felt much better and tried to get along on my feelings, but, of course, failed; and then the devil of doubt came again and I was worse than before, and I thought if the way was plain, as they said it was, and God was so willing, why didn't He save me? And I thought it must be that He could but that He wouldn't, and so I grew more and more despairing. What was to be the end of my life, I thought in anguish. No peace, no rest, no sense of safety, and no happiness. Would He let me die, I moaned inwardly, and prayed desperately that God wouldn't let me die, because I knew that I wasn't ready. Thus the days went by in misery. Oh, how foolish I was. I see it all now. The gift was there for me, but through pride, unbelief, and rebellion I failed to appropriate it. Weighed to death with the drag and worn out in body with the strain of the mental anxiety, I crept over to the church last night, which I had vowed I would never enter again, and sat listening earnestly to all that was said and done. The sermon impressed me much, and then a solo was sung appropriate to what had been said, and I departed a wiser man, with more drifting over the hills and a fierce wind howling around; and then it brought in Jesus and showed Him as the Good Shepherd, with them-wreathed brow and bleeding feet, pressing on over the stony hills and the frozen evils in search of His wandering sheep. Oh, how the truth struck me! I was the wandering sheep. I was the cause of those bleeding wounds and those pierced hands, and yet Jesus was looking for me. As in a vision I saw it, and the night broke my heart and all the barriers crumbled away. Jesus loved me. He was waiting to save me. Oh, how I talked

to Him, how I told Him everything, and then when the service concluded and they asked all the anxious ones to step and go into the vestry, how quickly I went and kneeling down by a chair how I cried and told Jesus I would do anything if only He would save me, and then and there

He spoke in my ears those blessed words, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." He did not need to say it twice, because I was so weary and oh, so heavily laden that I went immediately, and Jesus took me in and pardoned, and cleansed, and forgave me, and gave me a new heart and a right spirit, and cast my sins from Him "as far as the east is from the west," and I knew that it was all right.

Oh, diary dear, when I look back over your pages and read of wasted years and thoughtless words and actions, I wonder how God could ever forgive me or care about me, but He does, I know He does, and oh, how I will praise Him. "I will, God helping me, I will"; that's the hymn they sang over and over again, and the words are impressed on my heart. I'll have a lot more to tell you by-and-by, diary dear, but must stop now.

I was looking through my diary the other day and saw there were some records of those old days that seem, on looking back upon them, so very, very long ago and so strange and almost mysterious. I read them sometimes with a smile, but more often with a tear, for memory recalled hidden sorrows that the heart never even committed to paper, and I saw in its own living place, the burden of its own pain and despairing.

Yes, the records of those days seem very strange in the light of the present, for I am in the Army now and fully understand all that was such a mystery to me then. I have, moreover, entered into a higher life—into the life built with Christ in God—the life of a present, free, and full salvation.

I turn, then, to my new diary and read over the pages of this new life—pages that draw from me now and then a tear and a sigh of regret, but more often a fervent "Thank God!" and a triumphant "Hallelujah!" A "Thank God!" that He led me in this direction and that He helped me to follow, in spite of difficulties unnumbered, and a "Hallelujah!" that the path has been such a bright one, and fraught with so many glorious triumphs, and a much closer walk with God.

Oh, yes, I have greater things to thank God for to-day than I had in the days when I first knew and loved Him, and the two things I think that echo with the sweetest joy notes are: first, that I have a clean heart, and secondly, that I am a Salvation Army officer. And so out of the mist of ignorance and the unbelief of my natural heart, the Lord Jesus Christ has brought me into the sunshine of His beautiful love and peace, where I leave you, praying that the records of those earlier days, so well as the later, may be made in some way a help and blessing to you.

FLORA SYLVANUS, Australia.



PHIL GARLICK.—My dear brother, why do you not remember to put your full name and address on your contribution? And you should write it in ink, the lead-pencil marks are apt to be effaced before the printer has finished with them, and then your copy is produced incorrectly.

I am surprised you need reminding that one side of the paper only should be written on, and that what is written should be plainly done.

I have no doubt you are writing for God, and, therefore, it is specially desirable you should let it be your best, for He is worthy of our best every time, is He not?

Do not use such tiny bits of paper necessitating you to pack your words in too small a compass, take ordinary sized writing paper sheets, or foolscap size, and always leave a good inch of blank space edging all round for the Editor's use. Your last report was so badly written that the team actually came to my eyes in trying to decipher the quaint alphabetical characters you made. I'll have to get spectacles at this rate, and see if I do not send you the bill for them.

A great poet used to carefully revise and correct his compositions twelve times before sending to Press. Oh, that you would be one-fourth as careful.

Then there's the pictures you sent, you quite spoiled that photo of the Main Street by joining it; the crosses caused by folding all newspaper in the process of stitching, and, dear Phil Garlick, it was too bad not to write on the picture full particulars of the photo. I'll forgive you this time, but don't do it any more, it might have got mixed with other things, and with the post mark destroyed I would have had not the slightest clue by which to identify it.

Note also that a newspaper cannot be run to suit the individual tastes of its readers. It should be treated as a bill of fare—you take the things you like and leave the things you dislike.

And lastly, we cannot afford to return your manuscript unless sent in enclosed for that purpose. You would not believe, unless you worked in the WAR CRY Office, the amount of economy that has to be exercised. Two of us are doing the work of three, always, besides denying ourselves of the very necessary service of an errand boy, on account of the expense of keeping one; so you will understand.



MAJOR and MRS. GRAHAM,  
Of Queensland.

Major Graham, of Queensland, who is one of the D. O.'s under Brigadier Jeffries, the author of our "Special Feature" con-

tribution recently, writes:

BUNDABERG, July 2, 1894.

MY DEAR FAR-  
AWAY COMRADE,  
—And yet how near when they talk of bridging England with Australia, via Canada, in twenty-six days, and nearer still are we via Heaven's Throne, Hallelujah! I cable a message to you via that route—love, fidelity, and victory, my inward experience. A good Jubilee knicker, eh? Ah! speaking of Jubilee, reminds me that I read your Jubilee Card from end to end while travelling from Brisbane to Bundaberg on Saturday. What a lion-like heart your leader must have! I was delighted with some of the schemes, in particular, and some of the minor schemes bespeak a comprehensive grasp and concern for the well-being of the officers; besides, what to my mind seems a very essential matter to keep in view, viz., building up commercial undertakings on true Christian principles as is set forth in your "Officer's" and "Soldier's" (I think) Clubs, and the co-operative store in Toronto. As an organization we condemn the selfish, out-thrust systems of doing business of the present day, but to meet the oft-repeated query, "How can we do otherwise?" it is business practices, "we must show the world, says, business Christians, how Jesus Christ can serve behind the counter, how the carpenter's Son can make furniture. Hallelujah!"

Religion (Christ's) is the most practical thing on earth. Oh, for a deluge of it this '94!

Your Easter Card was a clipper, and that "Christ picture" a crowner. You've licked the whole "Cry" crew so far, and I fancy provoked your contemporaries to holy emulation; anyway, we'll see.

I'm glad to get your CRYs. I'll try to repay you by an occasional "brain effort" when I can get anything worth putting down and paying 2d. over.

I saw my "Lod by the Spirit," and the representation of a "Typical Farmer," and his dog. You certainly embellished "yours truly" with "antiquity" rather than youthfulness.

Now, I trust health in every respect is your portion, but I'm quite sure you can catch another song besides, "Me join 'em" I see it, but, fire is better than wildfire any day. "Ah, well, would a man teach his grandfather," you'll be saying. I trust the fire of the Holy Ghost has "licked up" all the trouble and waters that dashed up against your Canadian S. A. structure, and that your Jubilee program may be fully realized in every particular, and if ever I come that way (and who knows but I may) I shall cheerfully submit to the "penalty" when I'm "naughty" of going three days' hoisting potatoes.

We are doing fairly well. With prayers and love, I am yours in humility's bonds, J. McD. GRAHAM.

Many Army comrades abroad have a deep interest in Canadian Salvationism and Canada's WAR CRY. For instance, we have the following from the chief officers of that sturdy little country from which our beloved leader, Mrs. Commandant Booth, comes:—

I read your WAR CRY weekly with interest. It is a good thing. It is a pity that we have not such advantages as the Netherlands, owing to the heathen custom of the Anglo-Saxon race of understanding no language than its own. Our noble deeds and advances never get beyond what the electricians call "local action," which means that we are only appreciated within our own borders. But, Hallelujah, we are forging ahead, and via you must. I do trust that print and paper have not dried your soul up. Keep it mellow; live low; be blood-and-fire and out-and-out.

With Salvation love and congratulations to all old comrades upon the late advances, I am yours, always sincerely,  
W. ELWYN OLIPHANT, Colonel,  
Holland.

The accompanying, from Colonel "Johnny" Lawley, will be interesting at this time of the General's visit:—

Thank you so much for the WAR CRY that you sent me, I look through its pages and enjoy its news immensely. Go on, my lad; keep to simple, plain, salvation facts, and via you must. I do trust that print and paper have not dried your soul up. Keep it mellow; live low; be blood-and-fire and out-and-out.

The God that we serve is able to give us all that we need, bless Him! How good of Him to undertake to supply all our needs. In His heart and cupboard are all things, and they are all ours, and I sometimes go round the Lord's storehouse, look into its treasures, climb the shelves, examine the contents, and help myself. What things I do get are things that feed the soul, and in Him all fulness dwells, I find weapons, with which



(Continued from last week.)

APOLLYON.—A tony name for the devil, which means destroyer.—REV. ix. 11.

ARMOUR.—Any habit worn to protect the body in battle.—WEBSTER. Salvation soldiers are all engaged in war and need armour. God has made provision, too, as you will see in Ephesians vi. Those who do not fight (work) generally get careless about their armour and soon backslide.

ASSURANCE.—Firm persuasion; full confidence, or trust; freedom from doubt; the utmost certainty.—WEBSTER.

Assurance is nothing without something else, as many seem to think at first starting for God. They look and seek for that wonderful something called assurance, and the more they seek the more satisfied they become, till, in desperation, they turn to God, and believing His Word as a tired child, they get received of the Lord; they get full confidence in God; doubts are all gone. This is assurance.

ATONEMENT.—Agreement; concord; reconciliation after enmity or controversy.—WEBSTER.

At-one-ment. We had sinned and been in rebellion to God, but through Jesus' blood the price of our reconciliation was paid. We claimed it and became free. Hallelujah!

BABE.—Forty years a Christian and not saved from tobacco and temper yet. Dirty baby! Clean off its mouth!

BAPTISM.—There are five or six ways or kinds. One is essential to salvation, viz., the Holy Ghost.

BACKBITING.—The act of slandering the absent.

BACKSLIDING.—Sliding back; to fall off. We are all in danger of this. Let us keep on the watch-tower and take our bearings often.

BARREN.—Fruitless.

BLESSED.—Happy.—WEBSTER.

BLINDNESS.—Want of bodily sight; want of intellectual discernment; ignorance.—WEBSTER.

There must be blindness on the part of the man who will go on, on, on in the path that looks right in the distance, but shortly, leads to a pit that will receive him forever, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

BLOOD.—The life of the body; the shedding of Christ's blood; the life of the soul. F. McK.



fight; grace, with which I endure; love, with which I conquer; and power, that makes me mightier than all my enemies.

Jesus gives to me so liberally! In fact, I have a standing invitation to go when I like and help myself to all I need. How are you in this respect?

I have not been able to send you a song or article. I will explain when we meet; that will be soon, as I shall come with the General.

Remember me to all. God bless you!

Yours affectionately, JOHN LAWLEY.



1444. **Kerby, Henry.** Left home (Wid.) four years ago. Was last heard from in April, 1904. He was then in New Everett, near Chocoma, Washington, U. S. He is 24 years of age, height 5 ft. 7 in., broad shoulders, brown hair, blue eyes, small mark on side of nose and face. His mother, Mrs. Joe Kerby, of Bushington, N. S., is anxious. American Cry please copy.

1445. **Grayson, Anna and Phoebe (Ellen and John).** Information recently sought by Mrs. Bridget McEneaney (nee Lawless), Lyons, Michigan. American Cry please copy.

1446. **Meekin, Thomas.** Born at Tywardreath, Cornwall, Eng. Joined his brother at Crowland, Welland Co., Canada, over twenty years ago. Former cabinet-maker at Port Hill, Welland Co. From there he went to United States and worked near Buffalo. Thought to have married a widow, and to have been joined soon after by a sister named Knight and her son and daughter. His brother, Rev. T. H. Meekin, Boston, Ont., also one in Australia, are very anxious to hear from him. American Cry please copy.

1447. **Glover, Charles.** Left his home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat and black stockings. Is now in Canada. Aged 15 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N. B.

1448. **Howes, Al.** Last heard from two years ago. Supposed to have been in Michigan recently. He has been in Seattle, Wash. working for Mr. Beck. His last letter to his friends was dated before he left. He is a writer for Salvation Army, 551 Victoria St., Toronto. He will hear something to his advantage. U. S. and California Cry please copy.

1449. **Giddens, Herbert.** Alias, Charles Buchanan. Age 16, height 5 ft. 10 in., pale complexion, light hair, irregular teeth. Left Liverpool for Quebec per a/c "Laurentian," July 25th, 04. His parents in Bristol are most anxious and distressed, and if he will only return all expenses will be paid.

1450. **Gordon, John.** Last known address 21 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Has not been heard from for two years. He is a builder by trade. Age about 65, sandy hair, short and stout. His niece, Mrs. Alexander, 70 Victoria Lane, is very anxious to find him. U. S. Cry please copy.

1451. **Clements (nee Annie Collier).** Left England about 21 years ago, from Portsmouth, on H.M.S. "Cordis." Her husband is a blacksmith. Her name was in the list of missing men before he left. South Sea, Portsmouth. Her sister, Mrs. Collier, c/o R.A.—Spokane, Wash., U.S.A., is very anxious to hear from her. U.S. Cry please copy.

1452. **James, James.** Native of Arragh, Ireland. Went to Baltimore Co., Arragh, where he lived until about 1877, when he went to college in Liverpool. Last heard of in 1881. His friends are anxious to hear from him. His friends are Thomas C. Bates, late of Belfast, is at present living at Snowfield, Man. As he is very rich any information as to his whereabouts will be most gratefully received.

1453. **McLean, Geo.** A native of Toronto, N.S. Last heard of at Calgary, N.W.T. He is about 5 feet 8 in., light complexion, thin build, brown hair. His friends are very anxious to hear from him. U.S. Cry please copy.

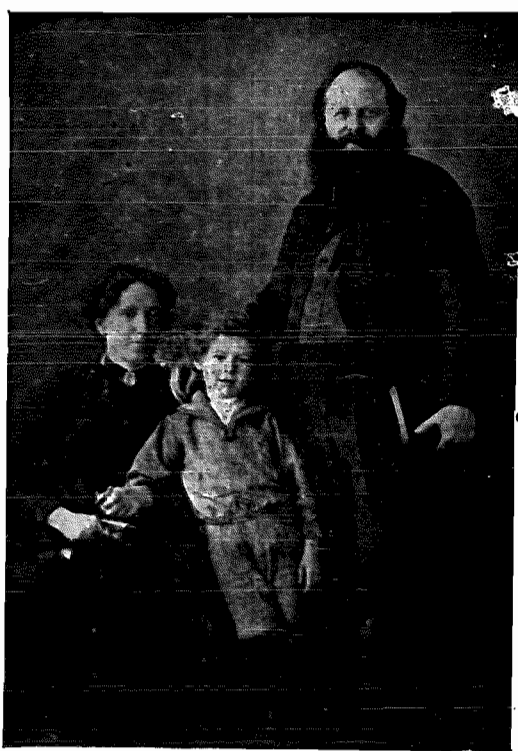
1454. **Caroline, Martin.** Native of Ireland. Last heard of during the Russian war, then living on a farm in Upper Canada. Information earnestly desired.

1455. **Carry, Mary.** If you will write to your brother, Hugh L. Carry, 60 Murray St., Montreal, P. Q., you will hear something to your advantage. Used to be in service at New Brighton House, Winnipeg. Last heard of in 1881. His friends are anxious to hear from him. His friends are red hair, full face, stout build, between 25 and 35 years old. Anyone giving any information will be rewarded by her friends. U.S. Cry please copy.

1456. **Holmes, James.** When last heard of was in Dublin, Ireland. He is about 52 years of age, low sized, thick set. An advertisement, J. Holmes, photographer, Orange, Ireland, 110 Port St., he supposed to be his. His children, whom he has not written to for years, are anxiously enquiring. His wife's mother's name was Mrs. Owen.

1457. **Findlay, James.** Aged 40 years. Dark. Last address 145 Huron Street, Toronto. His wife died about five or six years ago. His sister-in-law is very anxious to hear from him.

Are your actions a true reflection of your Master's? Are you doing what you know He would do, if He lived in your town? Do you seek the company He would? Spend your hours as He would? Hate what He would hate? Sorrow what He would sorrow, and despair all that He would despair?—Oxford Lecturer.



MY DEAR MAJOR COMPTON,—

I have your letter and note fully all you say. I am not in a position to send you any original production for your Cry at present. I may be able to give you a song or two when I am with you.

Mrs. Lawley and the family are first-class. Hallelujah! I am sending you a photo of Mrs. Lawley, our eldest boy and myself. I trust they will be satisfactory. Give my love to everybody.

Believe me to remain, yours, an all-round Salvationist,

JOHN LAWLEY, Colonel.



70 AND OVER.

Sgt. Armstrong 70

50 AND OVER.

Mrs. Edna Moore, Windsor, Ont. 51

Sgt. Mrs. Bower, Lippington 50

40 AND OVER.

Sgt. Betty, Nanaimo 47

Lord, Hill, Fremont 46

Sister Patterson, Nanaimo 45

Mrs. Capt. Brown 44

Quadrille, Nanaimo, Kingston 43

Capt. Patton, Nanaimo 42

30 AND OVER.

Col. McMillen, St. John V. 37

Lord, Hill, Fremont 36

Edna Moore, Windsor, Ont. 35

20 AND OVER.

Col. Fook, St. John V. 30

Col. Laver, St. John V. 25

Miss Wood, Peterboro 23

Head Hurry, Kingston 20

10 AND OVER.

Nellie Dorne, Kingston 17

Anna Blacklock, Peterboro 16

Mrs. Hill, Windsor 15

Maie McLaren, Peterboro 14

Louise Stevens, Peterboro 13

Mrs. Butler, Peterboro 12

Sister Smith, Clark's Harbor 10

10 AND OVER.

Are you forgiven? Are you a child of God? Have your temporal wants been supplied? Have you any hope of Heaven? When did you merit these things? Are these your just dues? Have you not far more than your deserving? Will you not at the best and the longest be an unprofitable servant? My comrades, go to the Cross. Look at Jesus. Learn humility and forgiveness of injuries there, and above all, imitate the self-sacrificing spirit of Him who purchased for you every right you have to the blessings of earth and the riches of Heaven.—General Booth.



BREKIDDER DE BARRITT and the SINGING TROUPE

Will visit Corbett's Point, Sept. 16th; Wabigo, Sept. 17th; Brookville, Sept. 18th; Oakville, Sept. 19th and 20th; Courtice, Sept. 21st; Bowmanville, Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Scarboro, Sept. 25th; Hamilton, Sept. 26th; Toronto, Sept. 27th; Leamington, Sept. 28th.

ADJUTANT WARTON'S APPOINTMENTS.

Midland, Sept. 20th; Coldwater, Sept. 21st; Oranville, Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Sparrow Lake, Sept. 25th; Rayfield, Sept. 27th; Parkerville, Sept. 28th; Scarborough, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Captain Brock through West Ontario Province.—Palmerton, September 16th, 16th and 17th; Chelmsley, September 18th, 18th and 19th; Warton, September 20th, 20th and 21st; Owen Sound, September 22nd, 22nd and 23rd; Owen Sound, September 24th, 24th and 25th.

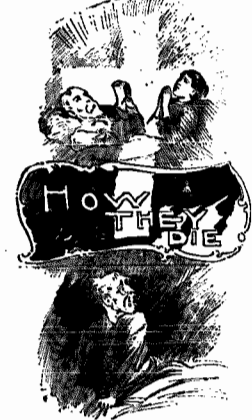
THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Lieutenant Park, G. R. M. B.—St. John V., September 14th and 15th; St. John V., Sept. 16th; Chelmsley, Sept. 17th; St. John V., Sept. 18th; Fredericton, Sept. 19th, 19th and 20th; Woodstock, N. B., Sept. 21st, 21st and 22nd; St. Stephen, October 2nd, 2nd, 4th and 5th; North Head (Oct. 6th), Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th; Le Tote, Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th.

ADJUTANT NAGE'S TOUR.

Sherbrooke, Sept. 16th, 16th and 17th; Cootes Paradise, Sept. 18th and 19th; Kingston, Sept. 20th; Stanstead, Sept. 22nd, 22nd and 23rd; Way's Mills, Sept. 24th and 25th; Blackrock and Outpost, Sept. 27th; Richmond, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st; Montreal, General's visit, Oct. 2nd.

Proposed tour for Captain in and Mrs. Fitzpatrick.—Oakville, Sept. 18th; Brantford, Sept. 19th; Burlington, Sept. 20th; Watford, Sept. 21st; Hamilton, Sept. 22nd, 22nd and 23rd; Niagara Falls, Sept. 24th, 24th and 25th; Jordan, Sept. 26th, 26th and 27th; Port Huron, Sept. 28th; St. Catharines, Sept. 29th, 29th and 30th; Welland, Oct. 1st, 1st and 2nd; Port Erie, Oct. 3rd; Port Colborne, Oct. 4th; Jarvis, Oct. 5th; Port Dover, Oct. 12th; Simcoe, Oct. 12th, 12th and 13th; Watford, Oct. 14th; Owen Sound, Oct. 17th; Stratford, Oct. 18th, 18th; Paris, Oct. 19th, 19th and 20th; Rockwood, Oct. 21st; Drumbo, Oct. 22nd; Ayr, Oct. 24th; Galt, Oct. 24th; Hespler, Oct. 25th.



"SINGING AROUND THE THRONE."

PRINCE ALBERT.—Death has visited our ranks, and taken our dear sister, Mrs. Fowler.

She had not the privilege of working for God in the meetings, as she was a sufferer for over two years.

About two months ago her desire was to be enrolled as a soldier of the Salvation Army. As she was unable to attend the meetings, we enrolled her at her home.

When talking to her about dying, her answer always was, "I'm ready to go." We asked her if she did not feel bad to leave her three little children, she said, "The Lord will take care of them."

The afternoon before she died, while sitting with her, she said, "I wish the Lord would take me now."

She suffered no pain at the last, but quietly slept away, and we believe to-day she is one of the ransomed through singing around the Throne.

As we gazed upon her peaceful face, we thought how beautiful it was to be ready to die.

We could not give her a Salvation Army funeral, as it was her wish to be buried with her parents in the English Church cemetery.

At our memorial meeting on Sunday night we felt God's Spirit was working.

CAPTAIN ISAACSON.

If God were to treat His soldiers with overhauling unsmiling, shut them up by the streets, supply their wants and fancies, and shield them from every rough wind that blows, they would be utterly useless and helpless for all real war.—The General.

Summerside is doing well just now. Captain Penney and Lieutenant McLean are moving things in the right direction. The soldiers want a little more of the spirit Jesus had when he looked upon the city and cried, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" I am praying that God will baptize us all with His baptism.

It has pleased me very much of late to note the interest taken in our holiness movement. I believe our comrades are anxious to live holy lives. May God bring them all out into the full light of His promise.

We have just lost one of our most devoted comrades at Winsloe Road, Brother Ford. He was a faithful saint, and true unto the end, although he was a great sufferer having cancer for some years. An attempt was made to take it out, and was thought successful, but he found after some six months it was still there. In a short time it showed itself in another place, this time under the jaw-bone, and death was certain.

It was a blessing to all that saw him while sick. They could not read of his patience and meekness in such trying times. He always had a word of comfort for the comrades when they called, urged them on in the fight. The salvation of others was his cry, even while death looked him in the face. Would to God we had thousands of such men who thought more of the souls of sinners than their own comfort.

It would be better for God and the Salvation Army. We gave him a soldier's funeral. It was very large, indeed, for a country place. The comrades of Winsloe will miss Brother Ford very much. I pray that God may raise up some one to take his place, and his mantle of devotedness fall on all.—Ensign HOGGINS.

If a man is saved at all it must be of his own free will. This took him away from God, and this must bring him back again. God will not have him except of his own voluntary choice; which choice must be backed up with some sort of suffering, to prove its reality.—The General.

# Newfoundland to be the First to Salute the General.

We Congratulate our Sister Colony—She will do Justice to the Occasion.

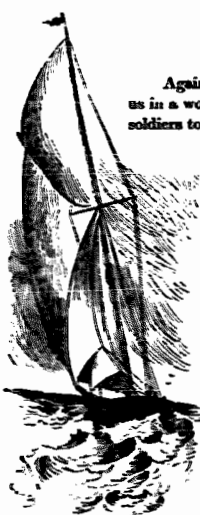
## Welcome to Our Revered, Respected, and Beloved General.

Welcome, dear General, to Grand Old Newfoundland. A thousand welcomes from that noble little land, from our dear Commandant right down the rank and file. We join in wishing you God's blessing and His smile: And pray you may be filled with power throughout your whole Canadian tour.

Welcome, dear General to our Dominion fair. Ten thousand welcomes greet you everywhere: We're proud and glad to welcome to our midst, One who by God has been so richly blest; May you long live to lead us in God's war, Whose devoted soldiers are and all we are.

Lieut. JEREMY M. McCARTY,  
Children's Shelter, Toronto.

The part of the island of Newfoundland now the sea, consists of a hilly country with evidence of no great elevation. The interior proper consists of an elevated undulating plain, traversed here and there by ranges of low hills, the surface being diversified with valleys, woods, lakes, ponds, and marshes.



**THE HARVEST FESTIVAL** last year was a blessed time, not only financially, but spiritually, especially at GRACE BAY, where we raised \$53 or so, with several souls saved, too. In the

last place we got all the soldiers and sergeants together and talked the matter over; then we had their different kind of work. We had fourteen collecting cards, which were given to sergeants and soldiers, who were to get all the money they could, also potatoes, flour, etc. We received over three barrels of potatoes and a barrel of flour. All this was brought to the barracks, and with the amount we had a grand meeting on Saturday night, with special meetings all day Sunday, and musical meeting on Monday night. A grand time, with two souls.

After the meeting we had the auction. We had no trouble disposing of all the things we had on hand. The officers, too, came in for a share. One told the Captain to bid for what he wanted and he would pay for it. He also bought the barrel of flour and gave it to the Captain. The people believe in "honoring the Lord with their substance and the first fruits of their increase."

Around the district, they took hold and did what they thought best. We believe the sergeants, soldiers, and friends of Trinity Bay District will come forward and help. The target is set for the district and also for the different corps, and we are going to strain every nerve to reach it. The target for the district is \$100, which is divided among the corps as follows:

Cadets, \$30; Dilido, \$15; Heart's Content, \$15; Sally Cove, \$15; Heart's Harbor, \$15; Old Pelican, \$15; total, \$105.

The different targets are just about the thing.

No doubt CARBONARI will keep up his good name for the \$30.

And then there is bold and brave DILDO; although building a new barracks will show their loyalty and try and come up to the mark. Of course it must succeed with Captain Merton and Lieutenant Cuff at the wheel.

Who has not heard of HEART'S CONTENT, with its popularity and a few brave soldiers, who raised over \$12 last year, and now Captain Bradbury will do her best to reach goal and wipe off some of the debt from the barracks.

Next SALLY COVE, with Captain Campbell with long experience and a band of blood-and-fire soldiers. Of course they will do their best to keep up with their next door neighbors.

Then HEART'S HARBOR; a proper lot of men and women, and their target is \$15. Now, Lieutenant Legge and Wines, show Heart's Content and Trinity Cove what you can do.

Last, but not least, is OLD PELICAN, where Captain England is with her brave lot. The comrades are used to doing something for God's Kingdom. Now, Captain, do your best, and not only reach the mark, but go over it and surpass the nation.

Now let us all pull together.  
ERSON FERRIER.

## "SALVATIONIST," LABRADOR,

August 9th, 1894.

Again we can report victory; the Lord has been helping us in a wonderful way since we said good-bye to friends and soldiers to visit the shores of Labrador, which we love to be doing so much.

We had the privilege of spending our first Sunday in Ship's Harbor, and there being only a few people there, we went across to another harbor near by, led a meeting, visited two soldiers; and returned to our little vessel again.

At seven p.m. we saw the people coming on board, and at 7:30 we started service. After the first and second song, Cadet Green led us off into a good testimony meeting. Lieutenant Moulton read from God's Word, Lieutenant Cooper made an earnest appeal to the unsaved. When the net was drawn in, we were led to rejoice over one soul found in it. After we had her testimony, we closed our first meeting, feeling sure that God had blessed us very much. On we go to do something more for Jesus.

CAPTAIN PARSONS AND CREW.

The autumn in Newfoundland is usually very fine, and is often prolonged till November. There is nothing in the climate to interfere with agriculture. Hurricanes are unknown, and thunderstorms are very rare. Fog, of which so much is said in connection with the country, are confined to the shores and bays of the south-eastern and southern coasts.

**THE COVE.**—We are here a band of blood-washed soldiers ready to do anything for Jesus. Last Monday night while two of the comrades led the meeting, one dear girl came forward and claimed forgiveness. She is still keeping good. Yesterday a hard fight, but one precious soul.—Captain BARNETT, Lieutenant BUTLER.

One of the most remarkable of the physical features of Newfoundland, is the immense number of lakes and ponds, which occupy nearly a third of the whole surface.

St. John's H. M. S. Sunday night was the crowning time. We were believing all day for a wonderful smash in the ranks of the enemy, and we were not disappointed, for five brothers and one sister knelt at the Cross. Five got properly saved and are doing well. On Monday night two more got blessedly saved. The week closed in with nine precious souls in the fountain.—Lieutenant HODDER for Captain PETER.

The pine, spruce, birch, juniper, and larch of the forests of the interior of Newfoundland, furnish ample materials for a large timber trade, as well as for shipbuilding purposes. The mountain ash, balsam, poplar, and aspen thrive well. Evergreens are in great variety. The berry-bearing plants cover large areas of the island. The maidenhair or cocciferous yields a scorching matter which is luciferous insect. Flowering plants and ferns are in vast varieties, and wild grasses and clover grow luxuriantly. Garden vegetables of all kinds, and strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, etc., thrive well.

The fisheries constitute the grand staple industry of Newfoundland. The most important is that of cod, which is the most extensive of the kind in the world. The cod are taken on the shores of the island, on the Banks, and along the coast of Labrador. The Bank fishery is now prosecuted chiefly by the French and by Americans, Newfoundlanders occupying themselves chiefly with the shore and Labrador fishery. The aggregate annual catch of cod at present in the North-American waters is estimated at 3,700,000 quintals, say 150,000,000 fish. The value at \$4 a quintal would be \$14,800,000. Nearly four-fifths of the entire returns of the Newfoundland fisheries arise from the cod fishery.

**Bird Island Cove.**—Saturday night was a real soul-refreshing time. Our Methodist brother told how God had sanctified him. People said he didn't know what sanctification was, but through it all he could clap his hands, because he had the witness within. He gave our words convert encouragement to go on, finishing up by saying, "God bless the words where he was saved."

I mean't omit saying that Lieut. Thompson was dancing happy all the time, down one side and up the other. If he had had the wings of a dove, I expect we would have been miles of one. Sunday from 7 a.m. till late at night good crowds, good interest, the Spirit of God prevailed. ALFRED CREW, for Lieut. THOMPSON.

The climate of Newfoundland is more temperate than that of most portions of the neighboring continent. The Arctic current exerts a chilling influence along the eastern coast, but as compensation, it brings with it the enormous wealth of commercial fishes and seals which has rendered the fisheries the most productive in the world. The Gulf Stream, while it creates fog, modifies the cold. The salubrity of the climate is evidenced by the robust, healthy appearance of the inhabitants. Open fireplaces are sufficient to warm the houses, and free exercise in the open air is attained at all seasons.

TURN—Bound for Glory. (B.J., 17.)

We are a noisy, happy band,  
With the sword of God in hand,  
Going forth to take our stand  
In the Army.  
Though by Satan tempted sore,  
And the people scoff and sneer,  
On we go without a fear,  
This side Jordan.

CHORUS.

Over Jordan, etc.

We are after those in sin,  
Jesus waits to take them in,  
And His blood will wash them clean,  
If they trust Him.  
Twas for them that Jesus died,  
When the Romans pierced His side,  
And there flowed a crimson tide—  
There on Calvary.

There are people now to-day,  
Down in vice and misery,  
Wandering on the broad highway,  
To Destruction.  
They are vile and steeped in sin,  
Calvary's Lamb for one was slain,  
Through the Blood they may be clean,  
This side Jordan.

Lieut. HAWKINS, Newfoundland.

The largest river in Newfoundland is the Exploits, 200 miles in length. The valley through which it flows contains large areas of fertile land, capable of yielding crops of all kinds, and in many places is covered with pine forests containing timber of large growth.



**OLD PELICAN.**—We are still marching forward. Since you last heard from us there has been a change here. Captain Campbell has been away for a short rest. During his absence three souls knelt at the Cross, and she has also returned and has said good-bye to old Pelican comrades and friends, and has gone to take charge of Sally Cove. Captain England is now running the ship here. Our soldiers are on fire, and more than ever altogether we are praying that God will make us real terrors to the devil.—Sergeant D. HINDY for Captain ENGLAND.

The shores of these great lakes, and the fertile valleys through which their rivers flow, are so wet absolute solitude, the very existence of which was until recently all but unknown.

**Merton's Harbor.**—God is still blessing us here. Although our comrades and friends do not get much sea-fish this summer, and prospects in that direction appear dark, we can praise God for several great fish being caught in the Hallsfish net. We are endeavoring to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and winning numbers more will be caught. BELLS HOLMES, Captain; M. TILLEY, Cadet.

**Jackman's Cove.**—The devil would have us to be quiet, but I feel like writing a report. After six months' fighting at Catalina, I said good-bye to the comrades there. We took ship for this place, and after a few days on board the "Glad Tidings" we reached here all right. Now we are fighting the devil. Thank God we are having the victory. And we've started to build an officers' quarters. I'm sure the devil doesn't like to see that, and no doubt he is going around saying, "They're not going to leave yet." Cadet BURNETT.

P.S.—Since writing this the devil got defeated, and one poor wretched man has returned to Jesus. Who washed his sins away.

**Barnaby.**—Five recruits were enrolled under the Blood and Fire flag, the first enrollment in our new barracks: it was a blessed time. Sunday's open-air and inside meetings, led by Mrs. Tilley, were times of power and blessing. Crowds stood around our open-air ring to hear the story of the Cross. We closed at night with one soul. Since then fourteen have sought the blessing of a clean heart. Lieut. MERRIN.

Dildo.—Glad to be able to report victory. Although having just a small store to hold our meetings in, God has come very near. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing five kneel at the Cross, likewise twenty for the blessing. Our comrades are getting on fine with the new barracks, which in a little while will be ready to open. Capt. MERRIN, Lieut. CAPT.



# GOD SPEED THE "CARTHAGINIAN!"

## The Ensign has Paid his Usual Visit to the Corps in the District.

**WALLACERBURG.**—Good crowd and a nice time. Captain Dean has hurt her foot, but is going in to do something in the Harvest Festival, assisted by her Lieutenant.

**BOTHWELL.**—A very good crowd turned out here, and we had a good meeting.

**THANWILL.**—In without officers. There are a few faithful soldiers here who mean to stick to it. The meeting was held in the barracks and was attended by a nice crowd.

**DRISDEN.**—Since writing last report we have had three souls. We are very busy with Harvest Festival. God has abundantly blessed me in my soul.—Ensign LEE, Lieutenant DOWNS.

**The Light Brigade.**—After a successful tour through Eastern Miller and Moore's district we landed in LONDON. Everybody is so much in love with our Social Work. Quite a few letters. One from Bauld Matthew, agent for Comber, asking for fifteen boxes to be sent on to him at once. This will put his corps up to fifty. God bless and help you, M.—There are quite a few others who are pushing ahead grandly.

**Mrs. W.**—of LEAMINGTON, is in for a good work. Captain Fry pushed things fine at our visit; in fact, the officers all did. With a little push we shall be able to help our poor, fallen sisters and the dear little children.

**Now we are north bound.** First ST. MART'S. We had a nice meeting, and gave out a few boxes. The outside people are very kind toward our work.

**Next came STRATFORD.** Captain Richardson has a real good hold here. This helped us much. We had a good meeting. The people took the boxes and helped us also.

**MITCHELL** came next. The people here know very little of our Social Work. One gentleman came to me after the meeting and said, "I never knew the Salvation Army was doing anything of this kind. He left two dollars. Mrs. Tims will help them into the light."

**SHAFORTH** was the next call. Mrs. B.—has over fifty at a corps. One man gives his wife all the coppers for his box. This agent has worked hard. God will reward her, I am sure. Trust our meeting will help her as much as the thought it would.

**Now comes BAYFIELD.** I almost fell I was in dear old Newfoundland once more, on the lake. An open-hearted crowd. We gave out a nice lot of boxes. Took a collection of \$5.07 inside. Captain Cressmer will be the agent for a time. He has a good corps to get started with. One man paid his box for a year, but he could not put \$5 in his box in the three months.

**At GODRICH** I am writing this. Things are hard here, but we gave out fourteen boxes last night, and Captain McKenna is in for moving things, and there is a feeling of victory around.—H. CANON.

**Renfrew.**—Truly, like the Psalmist, can we say, "The Lord hath satisfied the longing of our souls." The Lord has been bringing in the fruits of the harvest has been coming and gone, and we are rejoicing over victories won. It was with joy, and full of expectations for a marvellous success, that Captain Burrows and myself started out with the horse and rig that had been so kindly lent to us for the purpose of gathering in the produce to be sent to the poor in the famine-stricken country. We started out in the morning to visit the farmers. The people gave us produce in abundance. The first day we were out nearly every farmer we visited told us just to help ourselves to what we wanted, and I assure you we did. We returned in the evening well loaded and in high spirits. We had a very good lunch led to believe that our horse was rejecting, too, for as we were coming down a hill on our way home, the pony politely turned his head towards heaven and broke the harness in three or four places. Fortunately we had some straps with which we managed to brace things up again, so got home in the evening. Saturday was spent in decorating the barracks. This was done very tastefully with the aid of a few outside friends. At night we turned out on the march with our white snakes on. This drew the crowd to a real good meeting inside.

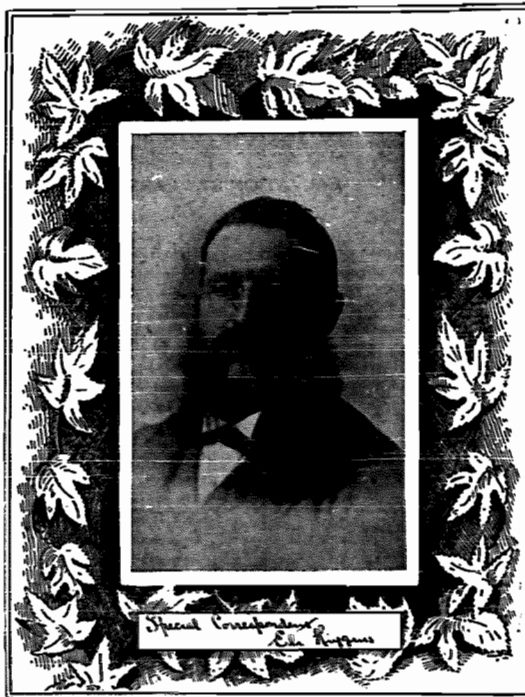
**Sunday** at 10 a.m. found us again at a knee-drill. Government met before God to be fitted for the day's fight. It was the best knee-drill I've attended in a long while, for we had the joy of seeing two poor backsliders give themselves to God again. Holiness meeting was a real blessed time, for one sister demonstrated for salvation and was very happy. The afternoon was an interesting one, and at night half full of the most respectable and intelligent class of people we have had the privilege of speaking to for some time. One young lad came and gave his heart to God, and so Sunday closed with a total of four souls.

**Monday** night a never-to-be-forgotten time. Grand torch-light march. Great crowd on the open-air. After a good meeting on the main street we returned to find the barracks filled again.

After a short meeting the pastor of our church, who is Captain Burrows, was converted into an auctioneer and sold out our stock.

No doubt Brigadier Scott wonders whether Renfrew will reach its target. He'll dance when he sees the results.—Lieutenant GEO. WYLAND for Captain Burrows.

**Stratford.**—Sunday, holiness meeting. Captain read to us from Ephesians, the sixth



**VANCOUVER.**—I expect that my last Sunday was spent in Vancouver yesterday. The meetings were beautiful all day, and in this, my first report, I must give you a sort of a Salvation Army-hallelujah-Methodist-some-please-inform.

The 2 o'clock knee-drill was a taste of fat things on the sea. Brother William Campbell led the meeting in his regular score-the-devil-to-death style, and it was good to be there. The soldiers took hold with a will and the Lord was there to save, and one poor, sin-begged soul stepped from darkness into light. The holiness meeting, led by Lieut. Corlett, was a time of refreshing from the Lord.

In the meantime your humble servant led his regular class meeting Monro Street Methodist Church from 9:30 to 11, and then listened to a clear-cut, salvation-from-sin sermon by the Rev. O. Watson. Then the march and free-and-easy went like a prairie fire, and was led by the Lieutenant; but the night meeting we think was one of the best that we ever attended. The street was full around the open-air ring, and the comrades waded right in and dealt out some hard blows against the father of lies. On getting to the barracks we found it full—to hear Lieut. Corlett farewell, and there was a regular pitch-in all round. Sister Cannon and Brothers Bell, Morris, Ferguson, Bontone and Sister Smith made out a splendid case for serving the Lord Jesus Christ. Lieut. Corlett fired in a most convincing argument against a sinful life, and an appeal to be true to God we all listened to. When the invitation was given four sin-bound slaves stepped out, and God set three of them at liberty; but the other one was so muddled by the quantity of the devil in solution that he had swallowed that he did not seem to understand what he had come out for.

On Monday we had the pleasure of seeing

chapter, about the Christian's armor. He made it very interesting. Father Leonard was with us. At 2:30 p.m. away we went for Victoria Park. Here we had a lively time; some straight firing. Sister Mary Smith sang, accompanied with her autoharp. The people all opened their mouths and eyes, wondering what kind of machine it could be. One brother said that this world was nothing more than a dressing-room for eternity. Four p.m. we went to the barracks, where we had an enrolment. Three comrades took the solemn vow. Ex-captain M. Smith and Captain and Mrs. Fisher have decided to follow God in the old path, and bless them. 7:30 p.m. we went for a short open-air. We had not been there five minutes when along comes a policeman with a "Move on, move on." He tried several times to start us up. At last he caught hold of our beloved Captain and took him to the station. We did not let him take him alone, but followed them, marched around and back to the barracks. We had a powerful meeting. One poor, sin-caked soul came to God. Then we went in for a red-hot testimony meeting. How those ladies and bachelors did sing and dance around, while poor Captain was in the police station. Five or

six were ready to bail the Captain out. Next morning the trial came off. Of course the policeman had to try to defend himself. He brought a charge against the Captain for obstructing the street. But the judge could not find anything against the Captain, so he was acquitted. Victory on Jesus' side. Pray for that poor policeman.—J. B. BEAL, S. C.

**Chesley.**—On Sunday we had a real battle for souls. The devil opposed us with all his might, but God Who is Almighty came to our help. At night we had the joy of seeing three backsliders return to their Father.—Captain CRAWFORD, Lieutenant HALLEY.

**Gannacow.**—We are on the up-line; our meetings are better attended. We had a good crowd at the outpost, Thurro, N.Y. One gentleman, who forgot the halteres to his horse, and had to stay outside, took the advantage of the open window, and did not forget the WAR CRY and collection in turn.

We have a good lot of singers here. The new converts are testifying. We expect to have a banquet on the 18th to help clear some debt on the corps. Captain Lloyd, travelling agent for WAR CRY, etc., did us

good, and notwithstanding the old man's head being out, his little string band and his little things lively, and the crowd stayed well.—Capt COATE.

**Fredrickton, N. B.**—We are rejoicing in seeing sinners converted. The people in this town are becoming roused up to the fact that they have souls to save.

Tuesday night two came out for sanctification, and Friday night two for holiness.

On Saturday two sinners sought and found holiness.

Blessed meetings all Sunday, and we had the pleasure of seeing five souls out for cleansing and six for salvation.

**Halifax I.**—This past week the Harvest Festival scheme has received a good deal of attention.

On Thursday and Friday night the officers and band went to Dartmouth and No. 11 corps to help in their Harvest Festival sale of goods, which passed off successfully, and on Saturday night we had our turn. The bidding was lively, but on account of time had to continue the meeting till next week.

Our picnic, a united effort of the Dartmouth and city corps, promises to be a success, to be held at Birch Cove.

The Lord was with us all day Sunday, when four souls knelt at the Cross.—Sergeant Major CASHIN.

**Perth.**—The preparations at Montreal I. for the banquet and wedding are welcome to Commandants, went full swing. Painters and carpenters plied their various branches of art to complete the comfort of the Temple. Announcements were displayed, and everything generally points to a good, successful time. I am sure every comrade is expecting it, as well as Ensign McLean and Cap. sin Lister. I was much to have on the way of these meetings, but duty calls loudly, and I am on route for Perth. A nice little town it is, bearing a business-like aspect. Captain Kendall and I have concluded there is plenty of chance for a good work being done, and we are rolling up our sleeves. The people are friendly, and the soldiers managing of a variety.

**Good-bye, Montreal!** All hail, Perth! A second, Mr. Editor: We indulged in a dance and a glory time last night.—Captain KENDALL, Lieut. HOLLYER.

**Nanaimo, N.B.**—There would not be a greater novelty in the pages of the WAR CRY than a report written by the undersigned, as by way of a surprise here is one. We have had the privilege of having our Provincial Secretary a better-half with us for a Saturday and Sunday. At knee-drill God saved one soul, and in the holiness meeting a good work was done, one professing full deliverance. Since then changes have been the order of the day, my Lieutenant being taken from here, promoted to the rank of Captain, and sent to Victoria. One of the bravest from there, in the person of your worthy special comrade, has been sent to us here. Backsliders are coming home, four having taken their places again by proving the truth of His promise, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

Our comrade gave us a farewell letter after our soldiers' meeting, it being understood that we were both going away. In the ranks of great Salvation Army we are prepared for almost anything, and a telegram came which settled me here for a short time yet. So I go on in His strength to do all that lies in my power to wake up the dead.—Captain PATTON.

**Charlottetown, P.E.I.**—Lieutenant Pugh, Provincial Agent for the "Grace-before-Meat" box, spent four days with us. Friday was a great day in the history of Charlottetown. The people of the city—in fact, all over the island—were enthusiastic over the reception of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. They gave them a proper welcome, as well as the sixty American tourists, who came on a special steamer. We decided to spend the evening in the open-air, and make the best of our opportunities. I need not say how many people were around us; it was a very difficult job to keep any ring whatever. Some thought they would be crushed to death by the people trying to get near enough to see and hear what we were doing.

In the open-air Saturday night, we had a fine time, and better than Friday. All the rest of the meetings were good. Mrs. Boer, who has just returned home after a year's travelling in Ireland, Scotland and England, and, by the way, just from the C.R., so doubt will have some interesting accounts to give.

**Lancaster.**—For some time we have been looking forward to a Salvation Army meeting in Lancaster. We were able to send our own agent, Sister Taylor, who was very successful. We had a march around the square, led by a crowd of boys, others in the streets, and the officers of streets wondering what the matter was; but, praise God, we had a good work, and were able to lead a very precious people, that were nothing seemed too hard for us to do, that we might win them for our God. They were faithfully dealt with. At a close Mrs. Taylor spoke to a dear girl, who was found she was not right with God, but she was to be, and promised to lead a new life, and longed for more salvation Army meetings in Lancaster. So does the writer.—JAMES GAUTHIER, S. C.

Christ does not value numbers, but reality.





# PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!

For Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the Lord.

"The heavenly gales are blowing,  
The cleansing stream is flowing,

Beneath its waves I'm going,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

—Chorus of a famous song by the GENERAL.

## WELCOME! WELCOME! WELCOME!

TEN THOUSAND TIMES WELCOME TO FAIR CANADA.

THE

# GENERAL

Sailed per s.s. "Carthaginian" from Liverpool, England, September 11th, and will visit

LOOK!  
LOOK!  
LOOK!

HALIFAX, September 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

LOOK!  
LOOK!  
LOOK!

COLONEL LAWLEY, THE GENERAL'S A.D.C., will accompany him.

## THE COMMANDANT WILL BE PRESENT.

## THE GENERAL,

Assisted by the COMMANDANT, COLONEL LAWLEY, and a host of Officers and Soldiers, will conduct a

## COLOSSAL AND MAGNIFICENT SALVATION CAMPAIGN,

AS FOLLOWS:

HALIFAX, - Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th.	YARMOUTH, - - - Sept. 28th.
NEW GLASGOW, - - - Sept. 25th.	ST. JOHN, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., - Sept. 26th.	FREDERICTON, - - - Oct. 2nd.
TRURO, - - - Sept. 27th.	MONCTON, - - - Oct. 3rd.
	QUEBEC, - - - 5th.

**SPECIAL RATES** in connection with the General's Meetings:—To HALIFAX, single fare for return from all stations by using Exhibition Tickets, September 22nd and 24th. TRURO, NEW GLASGOW, MONCTON and ST. JOHN, one fare and a third from all I.C.R. stations; buy single ticket and get standard certificate. To ST. JOHN, on Saturday, 29th September, on the "City of Montecello," from Annapolis and Digby, one fare and a third. From St. Stephen to St. John, single fare for return, Saturday, 29th. CHARLOTTETOWN, cheap fares from all stations on the P.E.I.R.

No one should miss this opportunity of seeing our beloved General, whom God has used in raising up the mighty Soul-Saving Army, "on whose flag the sun never sets."

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**